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STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXIV. No. 607. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1942 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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THE ANSWER TO STALIN'S APPEAL

ANOTHER week has passed and there is little perceptible change to report in the siege of Stalingrad. Both sides are fighting with a reckless and unyielding will, and in spite of heavy losses both are still able to throw in reinforcements. While the Russians, pressing on the enemy's left flank, have made some slight progress, the Germans have gained a little ground in the northern part of the city which commands the Volga. It is still impossible to guess whether they can force a decision before winter sets in. They are now apparently treating the Caucasus as a secondary front, and postponing any big effort there until the struggle for Stalingrad is settled. On both its coasts, though not in its mountains, campaigning can be carried on throughout the winter. The Russians meanwhile are holding up the German advance with stubborn gallantry, both in the Terek Valley round Mozdok and on the Black Sea coast below Novorossisk.

Against this background of suffering and heroism we have had to read yet another urgent appeal for a second front, this time from Stalin himself, couched in terms which plainly convey a reproach. Uttered in the hearing of the enemy, it must reflect a state of mind for which "anxiety" would be a quite inadequate name. It is not easy to discuss it. Mr. Churchill has recommended silence, and the daily papers have written with painful restraint. The implication that Russia's allies have not fulfilled their "obligations fully and on time" was the most disturbing and questionable part of this unusually blunt statement. Two reflections occurred to most of us as we read it. In the first place, Stalin is no "amateur strategist," but a veteran who has carried heavy responsibilities in two wars. It must be assumed that he knows all the facts—his own dwindling resources as well as the disposition of the enemy's forces and the numbers and equipment of our own. With this information he concludes that the risk of opening a Second Front is one that can and should be taken now. His opinion may be biased by his proper concern for Russia's safety, but it has behind it both long experience and a high order of practical ability. In the second place, we have to note, not for the first time, that the United Nations have still failed to create any authority which can work out a common strategy. That was obvious when Mr. Churchill told us that prior to his visit to Russia full agreement on all current military questions had been reached with the United States. This appeared to mean that they take binding decisions on big issues without consulting Russia. If that is so, then all that Mr. Churchill could do when he flew to Moscow was to explain and justify an already settled policy. This is not the way to wage war in common. The Russians and Chinese have much to give us, much even to teach us. We shall be the losers here and now if we hold them at arm's length, while we may be laying up for ourselves a bitter legacy of dislike and suspicion in the world of to-morrow.

That it may be risky to "prod" soldiers into an adventure to which they feel unequal is, however, obvious. If in the end civilian pressure should drive them to undertake it, they may carry it out half-heartedly, or offer us some unsatisfactory substitute. That is what happened in the last war at the Dardanelles—a brilliant conception poorly executed. That memory haunts us, as it doubtless haunts Mr. Churchill. A bold and risky enterprise calls for commanders who do not understand the word "impossible." We have not yet found such men: are we looking for them? It is possible that the considerable pressure for a Second Front may result in the adoption of some enterprise markedly different from an invasion of Europe and apparently easier. Vichy is expecting an attack on Dakar and its suspicions may, for all we know—which amounts to nothing—be well founded. Mr. Roosevelt had shown a considerable interest in this place in a public speech long before he became a belligerent. It is a possible air-base for operations by the Axis in Brazil. Secondly, it is said that the enemy's submarines use it in the Battle of the Atlantic. Clearly it would be advantageous to both the Western Allies to hold it. We need make no apology for treating Vichy as a non-belligerent enemy. But, profitable as this enterprise would be, would it amount on any appreciable scale to a diversion capable of weakening the enemy's pressure on Russia? Clearly not, unless the intention were to use Dakar as the preliminary to more extended operations in Africa. Whether in that event the Germans would divert large forces from Europe is by no means certain. Even highly successful operations in Africa might not affect the course of the war in Europe, unless and until it made possible a landing in Sicily. Attractive as such a prospect may be, it is highly speculative, and the distances to be covered are immense. It is obvious that if we were to direct a large army and a great part of our shipping to Africa, any invasion of Europe would have to be postponed indefinitely.

The other offensive which is in all our minds, since General Wavell gave his recent talk, is one for the recovery of Burma. This is necessary and may be urgent, since there is no other way of arming China and utilising her vast man-power. But can we attempt it with a hostile India in our rear? Our bankruptcy in statesmanship may be holding back an undertaking indispensable to victory.

The Indian Deadlock

Can nothing be done to break the political deadlock in India? Unwisely, as we think, the suggestion of American mediation has been rejected. The *Times* argues that the Government should not abandon the initiative, and it proposes that the five key portfolios in the Viceroy's Council still held by Englishmen should be conferred on Indians. The trouble is that no Indian who enjoys the confidence of his countrymen or has a party behind him will enter the Council on the present footing. Nothing is gained by appointing Indians who represent only themselves. The only step worth considering would be to entrust the most suitable Indian statesman, perhaps Mr. Rajagopalachari, Sir T. B. Sapru or Sir Sikander Hyat Khan, with the formation of a National Government. Till we prove in this way, what Indians doubt, our readiness to hand over power, we cannot judge whether their parties are willing to combine for the purpose of defence. This implies that someone must be allowed to visit the Congress leaders in prison. For that there is a good Tory precedent—the negotiations with Parnell in Kilmainham jail. It was a grave mistake to forbid Bishop Westcott's visit. If

there is to be any reconciliation Congress must call off the unarmed revolt, which is still spreading. It seems, however, that the Government is determined at any cost to crush Congress. That will not help us. On the contrary, what is now happening is that every other party, while regretting the disturbances, is rallying to the position adopted by Congress and repeating its demands. The Liberals and the Sikhs are now in line with the Hindu Mahasabha, and so are several of the Muslim groups outside the League. This means that we are steadily alienating every phase of nationalist opinion. Perhaps the most significant evidence of the trend of feeling is that a large number of prominent Muslims in Bombay, many of them members of the League, have addressed a memorial to Mr. Jinnah asking him to join Congress in forming a National Government. If Japan should attack, are we really so blind as to suppose that a nation in this mood would back our defence? The warning precedent of Burma should have been enough.

The Coal Debate

Two days' debate on the coal situation left the Government unshaken on the voluntary rationing scheme and the refusal to withdraw miners from the Forces for the pits. The House was, on the whole, acquiescent. On rationing, Major Lloyd George displayed complete confidence. The gap of 11,000,000 tons between production and consumption is due to a decrease in coal mined of some 30,000,000 tons, plus an increased demand for war industry, only partly offset by the cutting down of the export trade. Major Lloyd George reported a number of cases of saving of fuel running up to 50 per cent. in offices, cinemas and flats: one industrial city has reduced a 17 per cent. increase of consumption to less than 1 per cent. About 140 out of 200 million tons of our fuel consumption is used by industry; and obviously the savings there ought to be greater than in private consumption. Mr. Grenfell urged that the winter reserve stock had been depleted and could not be replaced. Members on all sides insisted that coal should be distributed first to the poorer consumers, who have no storage space and therefore no stocks in their houses. Mr. Ridley taunted the Government with compulsory ration quotations from speeches made before the 1922 Committee put on its screw; but the issue seems for the moment to be dead. Major Lloyd George said we can close the gap without hardship: we can only hope he is right. The rest of the debate turned on the problem of production. The fact is that 50,000 men have been returned to the pits, but production, save for a slight recent increase, has been going down. It appears that this is a war phenomenon, common to both Britain and Germany, and that it occurred in the last war too. Various explanations were given: increasing age in the miners, the absence of young men in Services, absenteeism, which if remedied would give five million more tons this year. Some absenteeism was among the older men, said the Minister, but the bulk of it is among men between 20 and 30. This, he said, was universally condemned by the pit production committees. The main trouble seems to be shortage of skilled face workers, who cannot be replaced by men recruited from other industries. The proposal to withdraw or second miners from the Forces was met by Sir John Anderson's statement that between three and four thousand men now in this country were all that could be released even drawing upon the Field Army: obviously those abroad in the Far East cannot be brought back. The pit production committees were hampered, according to Major Lloyd George, by failure to realise the extent of their powers: several miners' members said they were met by refusal of the managers to allow them real knowledge of what occurred or any opportunity to suggest improvements. Mr. Sloan put in a plea for reorganisation, which, he said, was the key to production rather than increased manpower. The psychology of the coal owners, he said, was unchanged; "They are still squeezing the miners at the coal face." A sidelight on this view is provided by the South Wales Colliery Managers, who are refusing *en bloc* to take part in pit production committees till they are advised whether their powers conflict with the 1911 Coal Mines Act, which gave sole responsibility for the control of the mine to the manager.

Congress and Inflation

A day beyond the time limit, Congress gave the American President more or less the powers he had demanded; and the President has acted promptly in appointing Mr. Justice Byrnes as Director of Economic Stabilisation. Wages, subject to settlement by the Labour Board under Mr. Byrnes's veto, are stabilised at the September level. Commodity prices are to be limited by a temporary "ceiling," which is the actual level on September 15. Rents are fixed at the level of March, 1942. In the case of commodity prices, there are to be readjustments in the light of experience after two months; and the wage arrangements provide for changes to meet cases of maladjustment, sub-standards of living, gross inequalities, and special needs arising out of the war. Salary-incomes in the higher ranges, as well as wage-increases, are put under regulation; and the President has imposed the absolute limit on high salaries which Congress refused to legislate for in the Taxation Bill. With these marching orders, Mr. Byrnes will have his work cut out. Current taxation covers less than one-third of current expenditure, and loans cover much less than one-third, leaving well over one-third to be met by newly created money. Even if the loopholes left by Congress and the President do not let in considerable increases in incomes, it will not be easy to strike a balance between a volume of purchasing power which must rise rapidly as man-power is more fully mobilised and a rapidly falling supply of consumers' goods. The plain truth is, of course, that American taxation is still much too low for a country engaged in total war. That is Congress's fault; and not the President's; but it is difficult to see how any degree of ingenuity in manipulating the machinery of regulation can do more than limit the amount of inflation that is bound to occur.

Planning

The problems of planning machinery and policy raised by the Scott and Uthwatt Reports have now been referred by the Cabinet to Sir William Jowitt, who will have for this purpose the assistance of Mr. H. G. Strauss and the Planning Department of the Ministry of Works and Planning. This looks rather as if the idea of turning Lord Portal's department into a real Ministry of Planning has been given up, and the whole problem put right back into the melting pot. We do not envy Sir William Jowitt his task; for, however good his ideas may be, he will find himself in the position of a Minister of inferior status up against the hostility of well-established departments presided over by senior Ministers to any plan which would deprive them of any part of their separate departmental authority. If there is to be a National Planning Authority—and to this the Government have been for some time explicitly committed—it must plainly be a body of enough power and prestige to give orders to the departments which will have to implement the various parts of the National Plan. It need not be entrusted with the implementing of those parts of the Plan which can be executed by a single department without treading on the toes of others; but it must be able to give the sectional departments orders which will be obeyed, and also to exercise executive authority in dealing with matters too complicated or novel to be managed on departmental lines. An authority capable of exerting such powers must evidently be presided over by a Minister of the first rank, with a seat in the War Cabinet and in its confidence; and to suggest less than this is mere playing with the situation. It will, we presume, be within Sir William Jowitt's reference to propose this solution, and we hope he will do so without undue delay. The problem is not one which calls for a lot of further investigation. There is, in effect, only one question—Do we mean to plan post-war Britain, or do we not? If we do—and the Government has said that we do—there must be a Minister of more than departmental status to take responsibility for the plan. If we do not, now is Sir William Jowitt's chance to force the Cabinet to make its rejection of the policy plain.

Two Kinds of Commission

The appointment of a Minister of Planning, with the necessary status, is not all that is needed. But it is the essential first step, without which all others are valueless. Given that, the next need is to create, under the Minister, not an ordinary civil service department, or anything even remotely resembling one, but an expert Board or Commission entrusted with the task of drawing up the first blue prints for the National Plan. This body should not be executive, but advisory, and, above all, expert. Its function should be to prepare draft plans for consideration by the Minister, and by the Government as a whole, and then to redraft in the light of ministerial decisions, leaving the Minister to hand over to the appropriate bodies, new or existing, the execution of the various parts of the plan as they reach the stage of official approval and detailed working out. Some parts will doubtless go to existing departments or official agencies, whereas others, including the control of land, will require the creation of new pieces of executive machinery. What is important is that the two types of machinery should not be confused. An advisory and expert Planning Commission acting under a Minister is a totally different thing from an executive Commission set to carry out a specific job, such as the control of land-use on the lines proposed in the Uthwatt Report. Both are needed; but it would be disastrous to appoint one body to do two jobs.

Agricultural Policy

The appointment of Dr. Dudley Stamp as adviser to the Ministry of Agriculture on the use of rural land has evoked violent protests in certain quarters, for fear Dr. Stamp may have been put there to carry out the recommendations of the Scott Report. In fact, the school of thought which holds that agriculture is precisely on all fours with any other industry and should be left to find its own economic level in the post-war world without any attempt on the State's part to bolster it up, is again in full cry, provoked by the belief that behind the Scott proposals there lurks somewhere a demand for a post-war regime of high agricultural protection or subsidy. No such proposal is to be found anywhere explicitly stated in the Scott Report, which does not go beyond rejecting the view, stated in Professor Dennison's Minority Report, that agriculture (and all other industries) should merely be left at the mercy of the laws of supply and demand; but there is in the Report a tone of tenderness to agriculture which has roused the surviving free traders to a display of ancient passion. Surely the truth is betwixt and between. Great Britain cannot afford a post-war policy of high agricultural subsidies to keep a greatly enlarged agricultural industry alive. But neither can we afford to leave the farmer at the untempered mercy of world fluctuations, or to omit doing all that can be done to improve the efficiency of farming and to promote specialisation on those types of holding and of product which offer the best prospect of economic returns.

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OURSELVES AND THE RUSSIANS

THE limelight which has just fallen so sharply on British publicity in Russia should be welcomed for more reasons than one. It will create an atmosphere in which those who have constantly urged that not enough was being done will be more readily heard by authority, and at the same time it will make the public aware of what has already been put out in its name. The official tendency to screen the propaganda to foreign countries, whether allied or enemy, from the gaze of those who are paying for it already with their taxes and may be called upon to pay for it with their lives, is liable, once the delicate period of preparation is over, to lead to more harm than good. But it will also serve to remind us all of a fact we are sometimes apt to neglect among the urgent demands of the moment: that we have signed a twenty-year Treaty with Soviet Russia, and that the problem of mutual Anglo-Russian understanding not only has a No. 1 priority now, but will continue to be of vital importance long after the second front in Europe has played its part in achieving the common victory.

No Englishman who happened to be visiting Russia now could fail to be deeply moved by the scene that presented itself to him. We need only think of the hopes we placed ourselves in the American correspondents who were with us in the worst days of 1940, and our gratitude for the cables they sent back to their papers which described with passionate feeling what we were going through and what assistance we needed, to realise the psychological pressure under which our own reporters in Moscow are working. Nevertheless we believe that the now famous cable in which the correspondent of the *News Chronicle* drew an unforgettable picture of the winter prospect that faced the Russians and attacked the new British weekly published over there for smugness and total failure to understand the Russian mood, did a considerable injustice to what is, on the whole, a creditable achievement in publicity under the most difficult conditions conceivable. An examination of the first four numbers of *Britansky Soyuznik* certainly does not substantiate the sweeping charges made. The pictures, for instance, illustrate very fully, and without any suggestion of self-satisfied half-heartedness, the scope of our war effort in the factories, on sea, on land and in the air, and the damage we have suffered at the hands of the Nazis. The evidence that it has been well received by the Russian public and approved by high Russian officials seems altogether convincing. The number that was singled out in the *News Chronicle* was the fifth, not the first, and there were reasons even for the choice of the particular illustration held up to derision, which, though perhaps not the soundest, were far from complacent.

The *Britansky Soyuznik* is only one item in the general picture of our effort to project Britain at war to the Russians, but its case illuminates the many grave technical obstacles which have to be overcome. The decision to send a publicity mission at all was not finally taken until January; the choice of personnel was by no means simple under the prevailing conditions; when the press-attaché and his assistants were finally selected, approved and equipped, they had to be transported to Russia by hazardous convoy; the ship which took them was torpedoed in the Arctic, and it was not till late in May that—minus their equipment—they reached Moscow, nor till the end of June that they were finally established in their remote base of operations at Kuibishev; it was only during the journey that Russian agreement to the publication—for the first time in Soviet history—of a foreign journal on Russian territory was secured: the newcomers had to work in an overcrowded provincial city with a Russian printing staff that had no previous knowledge of Western methods and Western layout, dependent on the wireless from London for everything, including photographs. Nevertheless, six weeks later the first number appeared on the bookstalls and the total number of copies which could be printed on the paper allocated by the Soviet authorities were rapidly exhausted.

This does not mean that there is no room for serious criticism. It is clear that there is plenty of room for improvement, for which perhaps the Foreign Office and the Treasury will have to brace themselves as much as the Ministry of Information. The methods of modern Anglo-American journalism in the presentation of news are not entirely suitable to the serious and specially conditioned Russian reading public, and this is only one instance of a gulf between two worlds and two ways of looking at life that is going to be far harder to bridge than most of us have been ready to admit. For us, the chief difficulty at the moment is, as Mr. Churchill suggested in his speech, to explain what being a "sea animal" means. The traditional reticence of the Senior Service does not make it easier to bring home to an essentially continental nation the colossal effort involved in maintaining sea-power, the fact that for over three years the Navy has not ceased to wage the war night and day through all dangers and against all odds, in order to deny the oceanways to our enemies and to keep them open for supplies and soldiers to reach our own islands and the Middle East from the American continent and all the English-speaking lands overseas; that without that unremitting battle of invisible heroisms further offensive action in Europe would in any case be out of the question, and Rommel already massing on the other side of the Caucasus. That the Russians are already "sold" on the R.A.F. and fully appreciate what our bombing raids can do to blunt the Nazi knife is not surprising considering the skill and daring the Russians themselves have shown in the air; but it should not be impossible to make them see such a naval action as the recent convoy through the Arctic for what it is: the equivalent of an offensive by several armoured divisions, and an offensive that achieved its object. And if the Russians have something to learn about the British Navy, we on our side have still something to learn about the Red Army. The root of the whole trouble indeed in the Anglo-Russian alliance has been the catastrophic underestimate over here of the Red Army's strength in high places. If we had made a sounder judgment in 1941, the second front in Europe might already be an established fact. No one, however, needs any convincing to-day, whatever his political prejudices may be, that the Red Army is a military weapon of stupendous power and inspired by an unrivalled spirit of science and self-sacrifice. What we do need to remember is that it is not merely an Army, but in Stalin's epoch the chief flower and symbol of a whole new society. It is a deeply cultivated body, and it gets the best of everything; many criticisms that have been made of civilian conditions do not apply to the Red Army. It can be maintained that it has been the supreme instrument in educating the Russian peasant to self-respect and modern consciousness. Anyone who has seen the Red Army rest-homes and penetrated into their cultural centres will testify to the truth of this. Our propaganda must be adjusted to this fundamental fact, so strange to a community that has lived for so long without conscription, that has believed that culture and arms can have nothing to do with one another, and thought, when it has thought of national force at all, of its sailors and its battleships.

Beyond these immediate problems loom the deeper differences of historical development, national temperament, and economic and social system. No one but a simple-minded enthusiast would deny that these are formidable, far more formidable than in any other alliance we have undertaken in modern times. A mutual suspicion that was always in the background, if not in the foreground, during the last hundred years and was only allayed for the brief interim of entente in the 1914-18 war, was fanned into flame again between those who controlled power in the two countries when Lenin's revolution took place. At the back of too many Russian minds is the feeling that it is illogical for a capitalist democracy such as Great Britain to be the real ally of the first Workers' State; at the back of too many British minds is the suspicion that Soviet Russia cannot fail by sheer impact, if alliance becomes really intimate, to create discord in our midst and the danger of violent social upheaval that is alien to our traditions. The past history of British Conservatism and of the British Communist Party keeps alive suspicion in the two countries. To dissipate thought that runs on these narrow lines is not easy when the intellectuals in Moscow and London speak, metaphorically as well as literally, such different languages. To take one instance: anyone who has had experience of Anglo-Russian cultural exchange knows how difficult it is to interpret, to a country where artistic activity has become so closely co-ordinated with politics, the free intellectual world of Britain, where poets and novelists who may express the bitterest political criticism of their leaders or profound philosophic doubt in their works will nevertheless turn out to be as good patriots and fighters as anyone else when it comes to the point. But there is no question that Russian interest in Britain is strong in spite of these inhibiting factors, has always been strong, and remained strong even during the period of Russo-German non-aggression. Let us take as our hope and our signpost for the future the fact that, even before the Battle of Britain and the defence of Moscow and Stalingrad, Shakespeare was one of the most popular authors in Russia, and Tolstoi here. We have a great story to tell our allies, if only we can become actively conscious of it, not only of war production and war action, but of our cultural traditions and historic institutions, and of the achievements of our scientists and technicians. Already a promising start has been made through the medium of films, though what has been sent to the Russians is only a fraction of what a thoroughly film-conscious public would gladly receive. And we on our side have much to learn from them; that is a platitude now, though there is a constant danger that it is the wrong lessons that may be learnt by the hasty and half-informed. When Anglo-American armies are fighting in Brittany or Norway there is no doubt that the process will be enormously simplified, but we should not blind ourselves to the fact that much can be done before and that even afterwards it will need an immense effort of the intelligence and the imagination on both sides. The effort will have to be made, for if there is one conclusion that can be drawn from the history of our generation, it is that unless Britain and Russia agree, Europe can have no hope of a lasting peace.

PARLIAMENT AND A GENERAL ELECTION

THE House of Commons is uneasily aware that it was elected more than seven years ago on a mandate to support the principle of collective security through the League of Nations, and to preserve peace by the application of effective sanctions to aggressor States. It knows that it has signally failed to discharge that mandate, and further, that by its failure to provide adequately for the defence of the realm—a primary function of any legislature—it bears a heavy measure of collective responsibility for the position in which we now find ourselves. In these circumstances it feels, and has evinced, a becoming reluctance to prolong its own life indefinitely.

The arguments in favour of an immediate General Election are indeed strong. Any House of Commons becomes stale, and this one is certainly no exception. The average age of its members is far too high. On the whole they are out of touch with a generation with which they have had no chance to establish direct contact, and which itself regards all politicians of the pre-war era with a deep-rooted suspicion

and considerable distaste. The technical objections to an election in time of war, though formidable, could be surmounted. The register, now three years old, could, with an effort, be brought up to date; or it could be based on identity or ration cards. The risks of enemy bombing might well be faced, particularly if polling-day was "staggered." Expenses, and particularly the consumption of paper, could be ruthlessly cut down. And an Act to carry out a provisional (but essential) redistribution of seats could very easily be placed upon the statute book.

Nevertheless the House, as a whole, remains resolutely opposed to an appeal to the country, and the bill to prolong the life of Parliament for another year was passed by an overwhelming majority. Why? The reasons which appear to the Government and to so many members to be decisive deserve more careful consideration than they have so far received. First of all there is no clear issue to put to the country. The three main parties are united behind a Government, in which all are represented, in support of the war effort. This means that in the event of a General Election the party machines would (inevitably) get together to nominate candidates, and the candidate with the Government ticket would win, by an enormous majority, practically every time. If anyone doubts this, let him read the words of George Buchanan, one of the shrewdest and most experienced of contemporary parliamentarians, in the debate last week: "Let us face the fact . . . I must confess that the Churchill ticket, as it might be called, would dominate every proceeding, and reason and argument would be gone . . . not a single candidate would win an election against the Prime Minister. These party machines are terrible forces to fight against. I am one of the few who has fought every political party: Tory, Liberal, Labour, and Communist: so I know how powerful they are. They are powerful when they are apart; God knows what they will be like when they join forces. You have these machines to face, with all the power that they can bring to bear, and then you expect the aftermath of the General Election to be less rubber-stampish than what existed before."

Buchanan is right, and everyone who has ever contested a seat knows that he is right. No independent candidate would stand a chance at a general election in present circumstances, and most of the independent members now sitting in the House would be thrown out. A House of Commons elected under these conditions would make the Parliament of 1918 look like a revolutionary assembly. McGovern put the point with equal force. "Are we to have a 'coupon election' in order that the Government may get rid of a few difficult Members in the House?" he demanded: "Are we to have the Conservative party, the Labour party, the Liberal party and the Communist party parading this country with banners showing Winston Churchill and Joe Stalin, and asking the electors to rally round those banners and saying that anybody who does not accept those two leaders should be rejected by the electors? That would be a conspiracy against the electors and against democracy." This is the main reason why the House of Commons has set its face against an appeal to the country. But there is one other. There is no evidence of any genuine or widespread demand for a general election in the country. Not only would it distract a considerable amount of energy and attention from the war effort, but it would be regarded by too large a section of the public as an infernal nuisance.

It must therefore be accepted that there will, in fact, be no general election unless the Prime Minister's leadership is so seriously challenged that he feels it necessary to ask for public support "over the head" of the House of Commons, or the Labour party withdraws from the Government and expresses its willingness to form an alternative administration. Does this mean that nothing can be done to improve the present situation or the calibre of the House? It does not. Clement Davies expressed many an unspoken thought when he accused the Labour party of treating the House as "a sort of home for pensioners." He drew from Tinker the damaging admission that "the men who come into this House for the Labour party are men who have had to fight their way in the trade union field, and they get on towards middle age before they receive recognition . . . our party, therefore, consists of the elderly type more than any other party."

A pretty state of affairs in a party which claims to lead the forces of social and economic progress! And Randolph Churchill hit two ugly nails on the head when he referred to the "black marketeering" in Tory constituencies and the need for a drastic limitation of expenses both on political organisations and at elections.

In an elderly House such as the present, the stress of war takes its toll. There have been an unusual number of vacancies during the past twelve months, and there will be many more. At moments (for example the fall of Tobruk) when the public is uneasy about the general conduct of the war, the independent candidate has a better chance than he would ever have at a general election, and that is no bad thing. For the rest, the party machines have a God-given opportunity of getting their best young men into Parliament, regardless of influence, wealth, or position. It cannot be said that they have hitherto availed themselves of it. Lastly, the Government itself can improve matters by not appointing its discards to lucrative posts overseas, and by encouraging some of the Members who have gained valuable experience in the Services to resume contact with their constituencies, and to fulfil their public duty in what remains the greatest legislative assembly in the world.

ROBERT BOOTHBY

SOCIAL REVOLUTION—CONSERVATIVE STYLE

COME, let us sit down at the fireside—before the winter comes and we have no fire to light—and reflect upon the social revolution which our Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer claims to have brought about, quietly and unobtrusively, in three years of war. We shall all be the warmer for a good laugh.

This wizard of finance would have us believe that by a few passes of his Budget pen he has caused the very rich to vanish out of our existence. "Poof!" he says, "if I were to take away every penny of *net* income above £2,000 from those whose net incomes exceed £2,000 a year—and there are only 32,000 of these starvelings left—the gain to the Exchequer would only be of the order of £30 millions."* That is taxation for you! Since 1938 the miserables whose *net* incomes range from £4,000 to £6,000 have fallen in numbers from 12,000 to 1,070, and those with *net* incomes of £6,000 or more from 7,000 to only 80! Terrible war casualties, are they not? although they are not for broadcasting to the defenders of Stalingrad.

At the same time, boasts the wizard of Downing Street, the Exchequer has made the moderately rich comparatively poor, while the comparatively poor have become moderately rich. Why, the total amount left after payment of tax on the incomes between £125 and £500 a year has increased since 1938 by £700 millions, while that remaining out of all incomes above £500 a year has been greatly reduced. By virtue of this Budget magic the small man has been transmogrified into a petty rentier. Since the beginning of the war £1,500 millions have been raised in "small" savings. "This will mean much to us after the war," adds the cunning politician, "particularly so far as our social stability and security are concerned."

Is this not the dream of a Conservative revolution? The indecently rich have disappeared, the poor have become well-to-do, the workers have been converted into petty capitalists, and the mass of people have been made so happy and conservative in outlook as to be content to see political power reside permanently with the good old Conservative Party. It only remains for us to send a winter contribution to the *nouveaux pauvres*.

But before we allow our sentiments to direct our charity pennies to this conservative good cause, let us make sure that we are not being deceived by appearances. It certainly *looks* like a social revolution. The standards of living of the well-to-do have toppled down, while the workers have money to spare for the surviving luxuries. Most middle-class families which used to employ one to three servants and own a car—taking the wider range of incomes from £500 to £2,000 a year gross—have now no servant at all and no private transport. The housewife is forced to do the cooking, dusting, scrubbing and looking after the children. With the upper class, particularly the rich professional class, conditions are much the same. The unfortunate wife bears the brunt of the new drudgery. The husbands who leave home for their work and lunch in restaurants are much better off. Indeed, the rich business men are hardly feeling the pinch, for they are entitled to, and invariably do, travel, live and entertain at first-class rates at the Government's expense, being to the debit of Excess Profits Tax, whenever they are legitimately about their business. When I stressed this fact some time ago in another article I incurred the wrath of a few rich Quakers, who were setting a fine example of austerity in their respective companies. But their record is unfortunately unique. As long as the Excess Profits Tax remains, the standard of living of business men is not likely to be reduced proportionately to the increase in their personal taxation. Perhaps the Government is content to leave it at that. It must be careful not to lower employer morale or to jeopardise industrial production.

The first question, then, that arises to cast a doubt upon this conservative style of revolution is whether the lowering of the standards of living of the middle and upper classes is due rather to the wartime shortages and rationing of household things than to the onerous new taxation. I would say that it was—except in the case of the middle classes whose incomes ranged from £500 to £2,000. Certainly the new taxation falls much more heavily, in terms of living conditions or expenses, on those with incomes around £1,250 than on the very rich. Between 1938/39 and 1941/42 the percentage of income taken by direct taxation has increased from 1.2 per cent. to 9.1 per cent. in the case of incomes under £500, from 11.4 per cent. to 27.5 per cent. in the £500 to £1,000 group, from 17.4 per cent. to 38.3 per cent. in the £1,000 to £2,000 group, and from 37.7 per cent. to 61.3 per cent. in the case of incomes over £2,000. If the recipient of an income around £1,250 is a married man with a family of children in the school age, real hardships will have been imposed by an income tax of 10s. in the £. But above the £2,000 a year class the fall in the standard of living is not so much due to the burden of taxation as to the rationing and restrictions of war.

The little magician's claim to have eliminated the very rich is, of course, bunkum. The very rich remain just as rich and powerful as before for the simple reason that they retain their capital and their hold of the national wealth. It will require a very different revolution before that can be wrested from them. But, you say, the Government has requisitioned securities and stocks of materials? Yes, it has given the former owners cash or Government stock in exchange. One of the Budget White Papers gave the extent of these drafts on private capital in 1940 and 1941, namely, £1,557 millions for overseas disinvestment and £779 millions for home disinvestment, a total of £2,336 millions. The former owners of this capital have merely received claims on our future wealth which will be honoured to the same extent as before, except in so far as a rise in

* Sir Kingsley Wood in a speech at Dundee on August 30th.

eplacement costs diminishes their real value. part from these exchanges of capital, the vested nterests which control the national production t home have steadfastly refused to part with the ndividual control of their capital. The recent ight with the coal owners was on that issue nd the coal owners won. Throughout all the ar industries private ownership and control f plant remain the rule of our wartime economy. hen the Government has to exercise some sort f authoritarian regime it usually does so by sking "big business" to administer the controls f their own capital.

It is also well to remember that there has been o shifting of power from the big capitalists o the small in the control of the national wealth. ather the reverse. The concentration of industry cheme, which Mr. Oliver Lyttelton launched hen he was President of the Board of Trade, as undoubtedly had the effect of driving many mall firms into the arms of the big combines. n fact, the pre-war trend towards monopolistic ombinations in both domestic and export trades as received quite an impetus from the policies f the Board of Trade and the Ministries of roduction and Supply.

As for the new class of petty rentiers, £1,500 illions of "small" savings may delight the onservative soul of Sir Kingsley Wood, but a rge part of this debt represents the deferred pending power of the workers, which will be ashed in as soon as there are the desired con-umption goods on the market after the war. ince March, 1939, the national debt has increased y £7,000 millions, so that £5,500 millions are epresented by bankers' loans and the savings of he big capitalists. A good part of this £5,500 illions will be eventually converted, not into onsumption goods, but into capital goods by he would-be *entrepreneurs*. No, Sir Kingsley Wood's dream of a revolution has done little or othing towards a redistribution of the national ealth. The wizard has left economic power xactly where it was—in the hands of the big apitalists.

As for the redistribution of incomes, the hancellor seems to have lost his sense of pro-ortion. As the national income rises with full mployment—it was £6,338 millions at factor ost in 1941 against £4,595 millions in 1938—t is natural that the increase should go into the ower income groups. It is not surprising that 5 per cent. of total net purchasing power now es with the incomes below £500 a year, against o per cent. in 1938. But does the Chancellor uppose that the rich feel "badly off"? Anyone ith a gross income of £10,000 a year—that is, a et income of over £3,000 a year—can never be hort of money or badly off in the accepted sense f the words. He can, if necessary, draw upon is savings and if he pays 17s. in the £ he can sell 1,000 worth of 3 per cent. securities and only ose £4 10s. 0d. of net income next year. Only to he extent that Sir Kingsley forces the rich to ve on their capital does he bring about any per-anent change in the social scales of wealth.

What, then, remains of the great revolution f our Conservative Chancellor? The very rich emain rich and powerful, the big capitalists till hold and control their capital and wield their conomic powers, the workers are made to feel emporarily richer but will probably be cheated y an inflation of prices when they come to ranslate their savings into household goods fter the war, and the lower middle classes are n the meantime pushed down the scale of living. phoney sort of revolution, do you not think, ven for a wizard of finance.

NICHOLAS DAVENPORT

Before You Move!

The demand for this paper greatly exceeds the supply. If you are moving make sure of your copy in the new district before cancelling your order in the old. NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

SALVAGE FOR THE SOIL

At the time of the last war, Sir John Russell valued the excreta of the population of the United Kingdom at seven shillings and ninepence per person every year—that is to say, £17,500,000 annually for a population of 45.2 millions—the greater part of which capital was then thrown away. Since that time two very important things have happened. First, research has revealed that no amount of chemical fertilisers can really replace organic manure. Secondly, the increasing use of tractors has led to a considerable decrease in the available supply of horse manure.

Some of the most startling evidence on the necessity for organic manure comes from the researches of Sir Robert McCarrison, who was for years engaged in studying the causes of deficiency diseases in India. One of his principal discoveries was that Indian crops were lacking in nutritive properties. This deficiency in the crops he traced in turn to the soil. Owing to the poverty of the peasants, cow dung that should have gone back to the land had for generations been burnt as fuel. But even when he experimented with artificial fertilisers, McCarrison concluded that crops fertilised by cattle manure were fifteen per cent. more nutritious than those artificially manured.

It is generally recognised that in most Western countries the fertility of the soil is decreasing in an alarming way, in spite of the extensive use of chemicals. A German writer (Dr. Ruschmann) wrote in 1931 that in spite of constant or increasing use of mineral manures, yields were decreasing. Probably there is little wasting of the farmyard manure available, but the quantity is insufficient to check the decline; and a little common sense should make this obvious. In the cycle of nature plants are nourished by the soil and the atmosphere. Animals feed upon these plants, or upon other animals which have fed upon them. The soil in turn needs the manure from these animals; and man, the greatest consumer of them all, is not returning his quota.

It is no exaggeration, therefore, to say that we are driving the soil to bankruptcy. As early as the year 1840 a great German chemist, Baron von Liebig, wrote of the Romans that the sewers of the immense metropolis of the Ancient World *engulfed in the course of centuries the prosperity of the Roman peasants*. And when, he said, the Roman Campagna would no longer yield the means of feeding her population, *these same sewers devoured the wealth of Sicily, Sardinia, and the fertile lands of the coast of Africa*. It was a startling theory to account for the decline and fall of the Roman Empire.

The Chinese waste nothing. There is a story of an agent sent to China on behalf of a firm selling chemical fertilisers. After six months of inactivity, he received a cable from his firm asking when the orders were to begin coming in. The agent cabled back: "Trade impossible with 400,000,000 competitors."

For thousands of years the Chinese have used all human waste on their fields. You will find a reference to this among the "Voyages" compiled by Hakluyt, telling of the good price offered by the "dungfarmers" who collected their "dirty wares" in the streets. The Chinese have for centuries maintained a far more dense population than any other purely or mainly agricultural country in the West. And the fertility of their soil has not declined.

It is interesting that some of the most modern experiments in the best use of salvage are essentially along the traditional lines so long adopted by the Chinese. At such centres as Rothamsted, in our own country, and at Indore, in India, successful experiments have been made for many years in composting sewage sludge with vegetable waste matter. The value of such composts has been proved.

There is, of course, a ridiculous prejudice against sewage fertilisers. For over fifty years a fertiliser has been manufactured in the sewage works at Kingston-on-Thames. But in 1936 the Kingston Surveyor reported that a very large quantity of this output was going to the Continent. Obviously the home market cannot have been very keen, and the situation has its ironical humour. We would not pollute our own cabbages with sewage (though farmyard manure, if available, would not be objectionable). But we would cheerfully buy and eat cabbages grown abroad and fertilised by this sewage.

However, it is increasingly difficult to throw sewage away. Large deposits of sludge exist in many parts of the country, except in coastal towns, which dump it recklessly into the ocean. Refuse disposal is another problem, long "solved" by those unsightly tips which once decorated the outskirts of London and other great cities, breeding rats and infecting the air.

Such, in fact, was the problem which confronted Mr. John L. Davies, the Surveyor of Leatherhead, when in 1929 he found the area of his urban district greatly increased by the Local Government Act. But Mr. Davies was a man of enterprise. He found that a system was being operated in another borough (at Maidenhead) of *composting sewage with dry refuse*. At Maidenhead the system was operated by a private company but Mr. Davies decided to go one better. He persuaded the Borough Council to take the project up itself, and the result has been an unqualified success.

Prejudice apart, the chief difficulty with sewage fertilisers has been that of drying the sludge. Composting gets over that difficulty and at the same time solves the problems of sludge and refuse disposal. I saw the whole process—the separation of ash from the refuse by rotary screens, the picking belt (where bottles, rags, cardboard, paper and metals, other than tins, were extracted) the crusher where the remaining refuse was pulverised. Tins were allowed to pass through this crusher to assist in the process of "mastication." Flattened out in this process, they were finally extracted by magnetism and flung aside, ready for packing conveniently, and without much risk of attracting rats.

The pulverised refuse was then laid out in bays, where it received measured quantities of sewage sludge. Within two days it would be turned over for aeration. After a second turning the compost would be free from moisture, also from all pathogenic bacteria, having generated a temperature of about 160 deg. F. I saw the ultimate result—a dry, crumbling humus, without any smell or other trace of its origin. You could literally handle it without the slightest distaste. In actual fact the bio-chemical action that had taken place in the compost heap had completely changed its structure—you could no more call it refuse and sewage than you could call a slice of bacon pig-swill and acorns.

As to the prejudice against such fertilisers, it had been completely overcome locally. Farmers and gardeners had only to see what this revolting stuff really was, what it could do for their fields, and they were rapidly converted. At ten shillings a ton it was doing a roaring trade. "In fact," said Mr. Davies with a smile, "we could sell three times the amount if we had the output."

A few other boroughs by one means or another are trying to use their sewage as Nature intended it to be used, but the great majority still treat it merely as a nuisance to be somehow disposed of. As to town refuse—full of valuable vegetable waste—hardly a town in England has ever begun to think of returning it to the land. Only last year the Minister of Agriculture refused to take further steps to encourage the use of sewage sludge in farming because further experiments were supposed to be necessary. The Ministry of Health is equally apathetic, though sewage works are among its direct concerns. A committee of engineering experts (not an agriculturist among them) recently examined the scheme at Maidenhead; their interim report was cautious and reserved, as though they were dealing with some new-fangled and untried system. Nobody reading that report would imagine that it was, in essence, a system as old as the civilisation of

China, proved by centuries of experience and praised by leading agriculturists all over the world. These experts who examined the system at Maidenhead were *strongly of the opinion that when normal conditions of life return an effort might well be made by local authorities to assist agriculture.* But they thought it *impossible to do anything in wartime.*

Thank God there are some experts who know the meaning of the word *emergency*. At Maidenhead and at Leatherhead they are making the stuff and selling the stuff, all they can make; and the farmers, who are not such fools as the townsmen like to imagine, are buying it and using it and getting results. If that is not proof I should like to know what is. There is sound sense in a leading article which appeared last year in a technical journal: "By all means carry out more experiments," said *The Surveyor* (criticising the Minister of Agriculture) "but meanwhile get the sludge on to the land."

In at least one county the true nature of the problem was recently realised by the Medical and Panel Committee. That was in Cheshire, where the Committee issued a document that deserves to be famous—the *Cheshire Testament*. This document discusses malnutrition as the principal cause of ill-health in the experience of the medical profession in that area. It follows McCarrison in tracing this malnutrition largely to the decline of soil fertility, due to lack of organic manures. Not content with issuing this remarkable statement, the County Medical and Panel Committee, following its publication in 1939, held a public meeting in Crewe which was addressed by Sir Albert Howard and Sir Robert McCarrison on the subject of *Nutrition and the Soil*.

I suggest that this was one of the most important events in recent years. It should have received the widest publicity and proved an example for similar action all over the country. There is still no subject of greater immediate importance in time of war or more fundamental to our well-being in time of peace. What we need is local agitation throughout the United Kingdom to force the local authorities into action. If we want food it is useless to treat Nature as though she were a chocolate machine that can be cheated with a dud penny

REGINALD REYNOLDS

A LONDON DIARY

WHAT is so heartening in the Herriot incident is its clear proof that the real France is beginning to recover itself. It is, I think, true to say of him what Bagehot said of Sir Robert Peel, that he is an uncommon man of common opinions. His hold, and it is a real hold, on the French middle-class lies in the fact that he embodies so fully in himself the expression of its view of life. My own view is that M. Herriot's arrest was forced on Laval by the Germans, and that it is a big step on the road to his fall. For it is an announcement that the most representative politician of the Third Republic thinks the time has come to resume resistance. The Germans have made again one of their monumental psychological blunders.

* * *

The arrival of M. Vallin, the deputy leader of the Croix de Feu, to support General de Gaulle caused some surprise in this country. It is interesting to note that it has also caused considerable perturbation among the progressive groups of the French emigration. Both the Groupe Jean Jaurès and the Centre Syndical Français have passed resolutions of criticism at the General's acceptance of collaboration from a man whose whole outlook has been hostile to democratic principles; and the fact that he emphasises his retention of the principles which made him the associate of de la Rocque and the Cagoulards makes their attitude seem wholly reasonable, since it is from these elements that Vichy still derives its chief support. The problem raised by M. Vallin is, moreover, given a somewhat special emphasis by the views of one of the General's recently arrived Socialist supporters—M. Pierre Brossolette. He has been writing on the future of France in the *Marseillaise*. He seems to visualise a France governed in the future by a strong executive based on the support of a single party which is wide enough to include everyone from M. Louis Marin on the Right, to M. Léon Blum on the Left. It is easy to agree that resistance to collaboration is the supreme aim of all Frenchmen until the defeat of Hitlerism. But the strong executive and the single national party supporting it—or him?—has a kind of Bonapartist air about it, which does not look very much like the revival of French democracy. We can understand the urgent desire of men like M. Brossolette to avoid the mistakes of the Third Republic. But we hope sincerely that he does not represent the opinion of the French masses in his assumption that a kind of permanent national government is the proper basis for the Fourth Republic. The "most dynamic elements" of the French people will only be able to group themselves round the leadership of General de Gaulle in "reconstruction" as well as "liberation" if he admits that the right of organised opposition is the heart of a democratic state.

* * *

Stalingrad will take its place with Dunkirk in the supreme tradition of which Thermopylae is the symbol. I wish there was some emphatic way of making its defenders know how deeply their heroism has entered into men's minds. I gave a soldier in the train a light the other day: "Marvellous how Stalingrad fights on," he said, as he puffed his pipe. I signed a receipt for a registered letter: "Gives you heart to read how they hold on in Stalingrad," the postman said, as I wrote my name on the slip. The conductor, as he took my fare in the bus, asked me if there was anything about Stalingrad in the stop-press column of my evening paper. I think it is a pretty good guess that the hold of the Churchill government on the common people will depend quite largely on their ability to prove that the defenders of Stalingrad will not be let down.

* * *

A friend in Washington has sent me a superb one-volume edition of the writings and speeches of Abraham Lincoln (New York: The Modern Library). It is an inspiration even to turn over its pages in these times. It leaves on me three overwhelming impressions: first, the ultimate and inescapable loneliness of a President in war who is conscious, as Lincoln was, of his immense responsibilities; second, the sense that his greatness as a democrat—and I think he was the greatest democrat in the nineteenth century—is based on his power to see the inner spiritual capacity of humble people; and, third, his power never to stop growing and learning. There is a brief passage written just before the battle of Bull Run which could, I think, stand as a description of the present war: "It is," he wrote, "a struggle for maintaining in the world that form and substance of government whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men, to lift artificial weights from all shoulders; to clear the paths of laudable pursuit for all; to afford all an unfettered start." Rereading again the second inaugural I wondered whether even Milton had in sheer grandeur surpassed the latter half of it. It sounds like a supreme page from Amos or Isaiah.

* * *

A friend has suggested to me that if there are any benefactors of the type of Lord Nuffield still looking for suitable objects of endowment, there could be few better causes than the foundation of scholarships for post-graduate work for students from the universities of the United Nations. He suggests that they should not, like the Rhodes scholarships, be tied to any particular university; that they should be for a year's duration; and that, preferably, they should not follow immediately upon the completion of the first degree, but after an interval of three or four years. He thinks, and I warmly agree with him, that the academic tendency nowadays is to make the period of apprenticeship to learning too long, and that the earlier a young man or woman learns to combine scholarship and life, the more realistic the scholarship is likely to be. Heaven preserve us, after the war, from a vast increase in students for the Ph.D.

* * *

I have no inside knowledge of the reasons for the sudden disintegration of Common Wealth group. I admire Sir Richard Acland's immense energy and enthusiasm; and I find myself, sometimes, almost envious of his mystical faith that we can create a new world in Britain overnight. I am sure, that he is right in his insistence that the people of this country will respond far more eagerly to an audacious programme than to the appeal of a series of small and disconnected social reforms in the old style. My difficulty, when I read Sir Richard's pronouncements, is to find the bridge by which we cross from our system to his Utopia. So far as I can gather, he trusts to the dynamic of the Christian faith to do this. But that dynamic seems to have quite different results when it operates in Sir Richard Acland than it does when it operates say, in Lord Halifax or the Marquess of Salisbury. I do not see the elements of a permanent organisation in the Common Wealth idea.

* * *

I had a deeply interesting talk this week with an eminent civil servant on the need for the reorganisation of government. He took the view that the present structure is largely incompatible with a planned society; its whole emphasis, he thought, was towards obstruction and the short view. One illustration he gave me was, I thought, a very pertinent one. A Minister arrives at a Department with little or no special knowledge of its problems. After some months, he is persuaded to take up a particular line of policy. But, just as he has started on it, he is moved to another office; and his successor is not willing just to take over the policy as he found it. The result is that, under the system, it is very difficult to get any long-term plans accepted and put into operation. He instanced education, agriculture and penal reform as subjects which had been sacrificed to constant changes in personnel. He thought, too, that drastic changes in the procedure of Parliament would be necessary if we were to have a House of Commons which was able to help, as well as to hinder, planning. I gathered from him that the problem is very much in the minds of those permanent secretaries who may expect to be in Whitehall for the next dozen years. Do we not, in fact, need a new Haldane committee on the machinery of government such as Mr. Lloyd George set up in the comparable period of the last war? I know that committees mean delay; none of Haldane's major recommendations was, I think, ever acted upon. But this is a realm in which first principles must be thought out and not improvised. To adapt a dictum of Sir Henry Maine's, social progress, indeed social peace, will be secreted in the intensities of our instructional procedure during the next generation.

* * *

In justice to the Conservative party it must be said that they are as indignant as everyone else about the famous—or infamous—report of their sub-committee on Education.

Many Conservative M.P.s are asking why the High Master of St. Paul's should have been allowed to issue such a document in their name. They also want to know who selected the committee as a whole, for the names of its members—published under pressure—have certainly failed to impress; and whether, and if so by whom, the report was approved before publication.

I have found in Tory circles a widespread appreciation of Joad's article last week; and also a conviction that, unless energetic steps are taken to repudiate it, this incredible "gaffe" will have done almost irreparable damage to the party.

If, as I anticipate, this incident leads to the wholesale and unequivocal rejection of neo-fascist doctrine by the Tory party, it will have done more good than harm.

HAROLD J. LASKI

POLITICAL WARFARE

War plans of the United Nations cannot be affected by the demands of irresponsible people.—Attlee, September 28th.

Perhaps the disasters to the Allied cause in Russia . . are not the unmitigated evils they seem.—*Catholic Herald.*

Not all the propaganda of the mouthpiece of Berlin
Can separate the Allies or destroy their will to win,
No political offensive by the Nazis can divide
The freedom-loving nations who are fighting side by side.

And when an English Minister protests in accents stern
That the Presidential envoy has been speaking out of turn,
Rebuking the suggestion of a necessary prod,
Another Ally registers his words as somewhat odd.

And when an English paper applauds a Red reverse,
Contending that the Soviet alliance is a curse,
And still is not subjected to a Governmental ban,
We do more to split the Allies than ever Goebbels can.

We are firm against the Axis and its propaganda arm
But the words of British spokesmen fill the Allies with alarm;
The disunited nations stand united to the end
But England after victory will be without a friend.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to G. H. Weatherly.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

At Stirling Sheriff Court, a week or two ago, Mr. G. S. Barras, solicitor, raised the question of whether a brassière, said to have been stolen from an Ordnance establishment, was of the nature of property covered by the Army Act of 1881. He did not think such an article was in existence in 1881.—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.*

The word of an Englishman and a sound pound sterling are virtues which the leaders of the churches would do well to recognise in their public utterances, for the Christian principles are as potent in the City as they may be in the Church.—Letter in the *Church of England Newspaper.*

SECOND FRONT TALK HARMFUL
"MAKES RUSSIA FEEL ALONE"
—Headline in *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post.*

This proposal to limit the life of property is opposed by some people on the ground that if it had existed in the past, we should not now have cities like Bath, York, Cheltenham, and so on. There are others, however, who seem to think it would be a good thing if they did not exist. In any event, it does not seem right that personal tastes should be allowed to interfere with progress.—*Property Owners' Journal.*

Mrs. Richards, daughter of the late Mr. Justice Grantham, said that she was "in favour of the birch" and believed it should be given to mean, despicable boys. If such boys could be given Christianity as well we would have a finer race.

"Christianity and beatings should go together," she declared.—*Daily Worker.*

SPEED

I MET the other day a man who works on the railway, and, as the conversation turned on the scarcity of various wild animals nowadays, he said: "Have you noticed how seldom you see a hare to-day? My goodness, we used to have hares running along the railway tracks. It was one of the commonest sights to see them running between the lines in front of a train and beating the train every time." "But not an express train," I suggested. "Yes," he said, "they would run in front of an express train just the same. Always kept the same distance in front of it; and I have never known the train to overtake them." Rather surprised, I asked him how it was that greyhounds ever overtook hares, and whether greyhounds also ran faster then express trains. He said: "If a hare went straight on instead of turning, a greyhound could never catch it. It's the same with a rabbit. If a rabbit ran in a straight line from a stoat, the stoat could never catch it. But a rabbit gets kind of mesmerised and runs in circles. That's what finishes it"; and he gave me some unpleasant details of the way in which stoats compass the death of rabbits.

I have always been divided between my delight in the speed of other living creatures and my pleasure in the dilatoriness of that other living creature that is myself. I drew much consolation during my childhood from the tale of the hare and the tortoise, for I was a tortoise myself, incapable of winning a race even against the village cripple. At the same time, though I was a tortoise, I was as much inclined as any hare to take a rest under a tree and to let the world pass by me. There were few things in my copy-book that seemed to commend my way of life; but one of them was the proverb: "More haste, less speed." I liked to walk with a deliberate slowness, as a challenge to the mockery of the school athletes whom I loved. When I came to the school gates, I used to slow down my pace to a snail's crawl, mainly because I knew that John Ferris, captain of the School fifteen, would be waiting in the porch and making ribald remarks about me to others as an ante-dated physical wreck—a devitalized Methuselah in his teens. Pose? Of course it was a pose. Shakespeare, who knew something about life, said that all the world's a stage; and my chosen part was that of the tortoise.

None the less I worshipped speed; and I suppose no one can have idolised a swift three-quarter back—or, as he was then called, a half-back—more than I did. Sam Lee, the schoolboy international, was to me the sort of man Pindar used to write odes about. Would W. B. Smyth's knee recover in time for him to play in the School Cup Final? That was a question that caused me even more anguished thought than whether the obscure pain from which I was suffering was the first symptom of hip-joint disease—one of the neurotic fancies of those days. Never did I see a boy or a man running well in the football field without feeling as much pleasure in the sight as in hearing good music. Speedless myself, I adored speed; and I adore it still. Those who were present at Twickenham at the last match played between the French Army and the British Army will remember a try scored by a tall French three-quarter back who, beginning near his own goal-line, outran and outswerved fifteen eminent English players and crossed the line, and how the ranks of Tuscany rose in the stands and cheered him again and again as the men and women of Dublin must have cheered at the first performance of the *Messiah*. Recall, too, Obolensky's two tries against the New Zealanders not long before the war. Those were the stuff of poetry, and it was just that, when Obolensky tragically crashed at the beginning of the war, Mr. Ivor Brown, who loves the game, should celebrate his fame in verse.

Yet speed alone is not enough. To give us the greatest pleasure it must be associated with contest, like the hare's race in front of the express train or the footballer's side-stepping and swerving and finally outpacing an army of opponents. Only an expert could enjoy watching a runner of genius racing a hundred yards without a rival. If there were only one starter for the Derby—even if he were a Hyperion—how many people apart from connoisseurs would take the trouble to go to Epsom to see his lovely movement over the grass? Our pleasure in speed depends largely on the lesser speed of other participants in a race. Sometimes a man of speed, such as a racing motorist, sets out to beat not an opponent in the race but a record; but you will always find that speed is most exciting when there is something or someone to defeat. If this were not so, we should not be interested in watching human beings running, since they are slow creatures in comparison with the horse, the hare, and the dog. We should not even be interested in seeing these excellent animals running, since they are slow in comparison with the motor-car and the aeroplane.

It is only because our main interest is not in speed for its own sake, but in relative speed, that we continue to enjoy such things as horse-racing in an age of mechanical invention. After all, the swiftest Derby horses lollop along at about the same pace as a motor-car slowing down on its way through a built-up area. Yet they do not seem to be lolloping along. They sweep round Tattenham Corner like thunderbolts. Such are our illusions about speed, however, that if motor cars came round Tattenham Corner at the same speed, we should regard them as little better than Victorian four-wheeled cabs. How slow the Oxford and Cambridge boat race would seem if we thought simply in terms of miles per minute, and compared it with the feats of mechanical boats that, as they skim along the water, can outstrip the lightning!

Perhaps, however, I have exaggerated. Speed is lovely, without competition even to a child. To be given the reins in a pony cart on the way to church in the country on a Sunday morning and to be allowed to flick Ned into lordlier pace than the usual jog trot was to experience a lyrical ecstasy. To hold the reins was always good, but to drive him slightly faster than one's uncle drove him—that was the ideal. And speed under a blue sky prepared one for the sermon. After one unyoked the horse in the stable of the country-town public house, one enjoyed the Presbyterian service as part of a day in Paradise.

Sliding, again, was pleasant over winter ponds. I was always rather a Pickwickian slider, inclined to turn back to front and to get in the way of the other sliders before they had reached the end of their journey. But, even so, the sense of speed, as one's boots moved across this friction-less Utopia made one feel as happy as a bird with the freedom of the air. Skating was even better. To tear across ice-bound stretches of water by moonlight—even if the world would end to-night—seemed the acme of enjoyment; and this even if one had no genius for the outside edge. I have never taken part in winter sports, but I can understand the pleasure happier men have experienced in those extraordinary footless sweeps through mid-air. It must be almost as good as shooting the chute, as I used to do at Earl's Court, and did once more some time after midnight at Southport on the last occasion of the total eclipse of the sun in England. Switchback railways, as they bump over the last incline that takes us down to Avernus, give us the same plesaure. That way madness lies; and we are fools enough to enjoy it.

The older I grow, however, the less envious I feel of those living creatures that accomplish speeds beyond the conception of the pedestrian human race. They say that there is a species of Brazilian bot-fly, called the cephenemyia, only a half-inch in length, which can travel at the rate of 800 miles an hour. I am sure I can attain as fine a sense of speed by urging my Austin Twelve up to forty-five miles an hour. One of the curious paradoxes about speed is that it is only in the low-powered cars that one has a sense that one is driving, as we Victorians used to say, like the devil. High-powered cars move so

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smoothly that even when they are running at seventy miles an hour they give the impression that they are proceeding at walking pace. To enjoy speed to-day, the truth is, one has to travel in a rather antiquated low-powered car. When W. E. Henley wrote his ode in praise of speed, after his first experience of motoring, he had probably driven in a car that went about as fast as a peace-time 'bus making its way from Victoria Station to Hampstead.

Hence, in this age of relativity, there is no need to envy the records of the cephenemyia, with its 800 miles an hour. There is no need even to envy the record of the hare that runs between railway lines and keeps a few yards in front of the express train. Human beings cannot compete with such monsters, but they can obtain all the ecstasy of speed by swimming from one end to the other of a swimming-bath or by trying to win a hundred yards' race under ten seconds, or by overtaking a ten-year-old car on the road with a car two years older.

Speed, some people say, is the curse of the modern world. But it was also the ideal of all the ages. I sometimes wonder what was the pace of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, who drove furiously. Probably much less than that of a taxi-cab creeping through London in the year 1942.

Y.Y.

THE HISTORY OF AN ILLNESS

To be quite frank, I prefer to be ill at home. Of course, I won't argue against the fact that hospitals are better lit and more modern altogether. And hospital food may contain more calories and such like things. But on the whole, I'd rather eat straw at home.

I was taken to the hospital because I had typhoid fever. My family hoped that in hospital my dreadful sufferings would be relieved.

But I'm afraid they did not achieve their purpose, as they got me into a peculiar hospital where I wasn't at all keen on a number of things.

After all, I was a sick man when they brought me in, but as they were writing my name down in a book, I glanced at the wall right in front of me and saw a large notice, "Corpses are given out from 3 to 4 p.m."

I don't know about the other patients, but I simply swayed on my feet as I read this announcement. Just think of it: I was running a temperature, and altogether life may have been just flickering in my body like a feeble flame. My life may have been just hanging by a thread—and there I was, forced to read such a notice!

I said to the man who was writing down my name: "I say, Comrade Medical Assistant, why on earth do you hang up such disgusting notices? After all, the patients," says I, "are not in the least interested in reading this."

The Medical Assistant looked rather surprised at my talking to him like that, and said: "Just look at him: he's a sick man: he can hardly stand on his feet, and his breath is like steam with temperature. Yet, he's criticising everything. If you get better," he says, "which I doubt very much, then you can pass criticisms on us, but not before. If you do, we might easily hand you out between three and four in the afternoon, as is indicated in the notice. That'll teach you."

I felt like having a real go at that Medical Assistant fellow, but as I had a high temperature—nearly a hundred and two, or something like it—I did not start arguing with him. I merely said: "You just wait, citizen Medical Assistant, until I get better. Then you'll answer to me for your impertinence. Is it right that the patients should listen to such words from you? It undermines their moral strength, that's what it does."

The Medical Assistant looked even more surprised that a man so seriously ill could talk to him in this way, and said nothing more. Just then a little hospital nurse popped up from somewhere, "Come along, patient," she said, "come to the washing station."

But this word, too, made me wince.

"Wouldn't it be better," I said, "if you called it a bathroom instead of 'washing station'? It's a prettier word, and is sort of elevating to the patient. After all, I'm not a horse that you should wash me down."

The hospital nurse said: "I say, what a patient! It's strange that a sick man should notice such subtle distinctions. I dare say it means that you won't get well again. It's a bad sign that you're poking your nose into everything."

Meanwhile she brought me to the bathroom and told me to undress.

I began to undress, and then noticed that someone's head was sticking out of the bath water. I looked closer and saw that an old woman was sitting in the bath—another patient apparently.

I said to the nurse: "Where on earth have you brought me to, damn your souls? To the women's bathroom? Someone's already sitting in this bath."

The nurse said: "Yes, it's a sick old woman, a patient of ours. Don't take any notice of her. She's got a very high temperature, and she doesn't mind anything. So you can undress without embarrassment. While you undress we shall take the old woman out of the bath, and fill it up with fresh water for you."

"The old woman may not mind," I say, "but I still do mind a thing or two. And I definitely object to see someone else floating about in my bath."

Just then the Medical Assistant turned up again.

"It's the first time in my life that I've seen such a squeamish patient. He doesn't like this and he doesn't like that. The impudent fellow! An old woman on the point of death is in his bath, and he objects! Maybe her temperature is over a hundred; maybe she's unable to take anything in, and sees everything as through a mist. And in any case the sight of you won't prolong her life in this world for another five minutes. No," he says, "I like it much better when patients come to us in an unconscious state. At least, everything then is to their taste, they're pleased with everybody, and do not enter into scientific discussions with us."

At that moment the old woman in the bath gave voice: "Take me out of the water at once, or I'll get out myself, and then I'll show you . . ."

So they occupied themselves with her, telling me again to undress.

And as I was undressing, they turned on the hot water, filled the bath quickly and told me to get in. And knowing my disposition by now they didn't argue with me any more, but agreed with me in everything. Only, after the bath they gave me huge underclothes, which did not fit me at all. I thought they must have picked out such an unsuitable set of underclothes to annoy me, out of malice, but then I saw that it was quite the usual thing with them. All the small patients in that hospital had huge sets of underclothes; all the big ones, small sets.

As for mine, they were a bit better than the sort the other patients were wearing. My shirt had a hospital mark on the sleeve, which did not spoil the general appearance too much. The other patients had hospital marks stamped on their backs or their chests, which I consider to be an insult to human dignity.

But as my temperature was rapidly rising, I did not bother to argue about these things.

They put me into a small ward which, however, contained about thirty patients. They all had different illnesses, and some were obviously very seriously ill. Others, on the contrary, were getting better. Some were whistling and playing draughts. Some wandered about the ward, and spelled out loudly the inscriptions over the beds of their fellow-patients.

I asked the hospital nurse: "Is it a mental hospital I'm in, or what? You'd better tell me straight away if this is a ward for mental patients

Because I've been to hospitals every year with some illness or other, but I've never seen anything like this place before."

To that she replied: "Perhaps you'd like to be given a private ward and have a bodyguard attached to you who'd keep flies and fleas off you?"

Then I kicked up a real row and shouted for the Senior Doctor, but the same Medical Assistant came instead. And I was feeling very weak, so at the sight of him I lost consciousness.

I came to, I suppose, two or three days later.

The little nurse says to me: "You must have a charmed life on you. The way you came through all sorts of tests and trials! We had even put you in front of an open window by accident; still you began to get better. Quite an unexpected recovery. And if you don't catch some sort of infection from the other patients in your ward, I can congratulate you on your recovery with an easy conscience. This doesn't often happen in our hospital."

"What sort of patients have you here?" I asked. "And what infections should one be careful not to catch?"

"It's a funny thing," she said, "but you couldn't have had a more varied lot of illnesses if it were specially arranged for you. We have nearly every kind of illness under the sun in this ward."

This, naturally, had a rather depressing effect on me, but my organism resisted all these illnesses, and only just before I was due to be discharged, I caught a childish complaint—whooping cough.

"You caught this infection from the other wing," the little nurse told me. "We have a children's ward there. And you must have carelessly eaten from a plate which had been used by a child with whooping cough. That's why you're now ill."

My strong physique, however, got over the whooping cough, too, and in the end I began to get finally better. But when the time came for me to leave, my sufferings started all over again, and I was in such a nervous state that all my skin got covered with pimples. The doctor told me: "Stop being nervous, and the rash will pass off."

But I was in a state of nerves simply because they wouldn't discharge me. One day they would forget about it, another day they hadn't got something necessary, still another day someone didn't turn up, and they couldn't make some mark or other in their books, and so on and so forth. Then, the wives of the patients began their visits, and the whole personnel of the hospital was off their feet with work.

The Medical Assistant said to me: "You've been here only eight extra days, and you're kicking up such a fuss. Some of our patients can't get away for three weeks after they'd been ready and, well, they put up with it patiently."

In the end they gave me my discharge papers, and I returned home.

The wife says to me: "Do you know, Peter, we thought a week ago that you'd departed to the other world. Because we had a notice from the hospital. It said: 'On the receipt of this will you come immediately to collect the body of your husband.'"

It appears that my wife had to go to the hospital in a hurry, but when she arrived, they apologised for having disturbed her. It was a mistake, they said, made by their book-keeping department. Someone else died, but for some reason they thought it was me. Although at that time I was quite well, except for the pimples which I had on account of my nervous state.

I did not like to hear of this episode, and I nearly went back to the hospital to tell them what I thought of them. But then, all that I'd seen there came back to me, and, do you know, I didn't go after all.

And, ill or well, I stay at home nowadays and nurse myself.

MIHAIL ZOSHCHENKO
(trans. by Elisaveta Fen)

PAINTING AND ILLUSTRATION

PAINTING affects the mind directly through visible harmonies. Illustration seeks to instruct, please, elevate, amuse, alarm or harrow us through the associations which images provoke and the ideas which they suggest: this in my opinion can be better done in words. At the Leicester Galleries the inner room is devoted to painting, the outer to illustration. The four painters are Gowing, Graham Bell, Carr and Devas. I do not think Devas ever worked in the Euston Road studio; but this is not the first time that he has shown with members of the group, and anyhow the works of the four make a homogeneous collection. Gowing's big portrait dominates the room and is, for so young a man, a considerable achievement. It is a picture which would deserve notice in any company. Three years ago, in the same gallery was shown another portrait by the same artist of the same lady. What struck one about that picture was that it was promising, brave and unfinished: indeed, it was hardly more than a beginning of a highly ambitious work. The picture which confonts us and compels attention in this exhibition has been pushed much further; and the first thing to be said about it is that the whole is felt before the parts are recognised: that, I take it, is the *sine qua non* of a good picture. The figure is finely conceived and well placed; the volumes have been truly apprehended and rendered; best of all, perhaps, the artist has spared no pains in digging deep into all he sees and has extracted as much as he can at present manage of the implications of Appearance. Consider the background, deeply receding, thoroughly explored, and you will see that it is functional: by which I mean that it is not a background at all but a significant part of the whole. The head, it may be argued, might have been more sharply defined. Had he attempted it, the artist must have repainted the picture. I hope he will attempt no such thing. I hope the picture, as it stands, will find its way into a public gallery; and that the artist will sit down to make a third and still more nearly conclusive version of the same sympathetic subject.

The pre-eminence of Gowing in this room was confirmed in a pleasing and to me convincing manner by my falling in with an extremely intelligent and sensitive stranger who believed—at that time there was no catalogue and the pictures were unnumbered—that the long green river-piece was by Graham Bell. I felt sure that so musical, so lyrical and so subtly observed a landscape must be by Gowing; and I was right. Not that Graham Bell's contributions are to be despised; his *Marigolds*—or are they Kingcups?—is a delightful painting. But one must regret that two or three of the excellent things he did in the winter of 1939–40 were not introduced to mitigate the green monotony of his springtime effects. The Dublin picture and the Port Scene seemed to me inadequate. Thomas Carr must be tired of being told that he is a charming painter; but a charming painter he is. Only the charm comes partly from the influence of Pasmore, and chiefly from the fact that he represents charming things and enchanting people. He does not fail to do them justice. Devas has not yet succeeded in painting that good picture we are all hoping for, though in *Head of a Girl* he comes near it.

In the outer room Michael Ayrton shows settings, made in collaboration with John Minton, I understand, and costumes for Gielgud's *Macbeth*. It is not fair to judge a painter by his work for the theatre; and as the rest of his work seems to me literature, perhaps it is not for an art critic to judge that either. That he has some talent for drawing, and for creating volumes even, may be inferred from his *Jupiter and Antiope*: one could wish there was more like it. Also, *Little Skull* and the two *Jug* pictures allow one to

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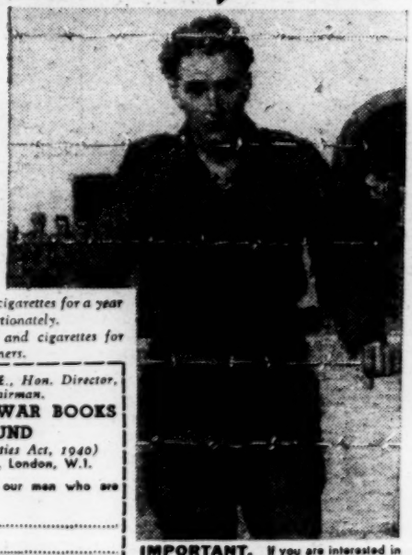

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suppose that he may have a sense of colour. So far as I can make out, the main influences on his art have been Blake and Central Europe, neither of which is likely to do a painter much good, and the Picassos of the Blue period, which, for different reasons, are equally dangerous. John Minton apparently uses paint exclusively to obtain dramatic effects: these, as I have said, are, in my opinion, better obtained by words.

CLIVE BELL

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Hedda Gabler" at the Mercury Theatre

An Ibsen controversy still haunts the foyers. "It's a pity he wasn't sane!" dismissed—for one baffled member of the audience—this revival of *Hedda Gabler* at the Mercury Theatre. Time has brought conscious superiority in the place of outraged decency; and this higher critic, having dropped his *mot*, moved away from the drama of Tesman's villa to breathe the pure air of the blackout, to trip over a sandbag: symbols of the conspicuous sanity of the world at large. The performance had been, in fact, an unusually good one, with the advantages of a small theatre, a small stage and a new Hedda worth going to Notting Hill to see. Miss Sonia Dresdel has all the locks, the tragedy, the nerves for the part; her fingers tapped the chair arm while Tesman pottered by, she welcomed the hard wiles of Judge Brack, handled the pistols convincingly. The only fault in a beautifully harsh performance was the rasping edge whenever Miss Dresdel raised her voice: the influence then was not so much Ibsen as Evans. (Her next part, by the way, is to be Millamant.) How would she *sound* as Miss Julie, Lady Macbeth? It is to be hoped that the "hard tones" won't be carried too far; they can be very effective, but they tire. The rest of the cast were put, as they should be, in the shade. Tesman (Michael Oldham) breathed aunts and old carpet slippers, and failed only in the outburst over the borrowed manuscript; Lövborg (Julian Randall), Mrs. Elsted (Natalie Moya), and Judge Brack (Dennis Ratcliffe) were competently in character; the least satisfactory moment was at the end, when better timing and more clarity between pistol-shots was needed. Pistol-shots! Poor old mad Ibsen. Let's get back to our land-mines and incendiaries.

Verdi's Requiem at the Albert Hall

The choir benches were closer packed than the auditorium for Saturday's performance of the Requiem. Those who stayed away (waiting perhaps for *Hiawatha*, Feb. 6) missed a striking performance of Verdi's masterpiece. This magnificent work belongs to the period of *Otello* and *Falstaff*, but except for a few choral passages recalling the Tempest in the first there is little in the music, beyond its depth and mastery, to attach it to a period in the composer's life. It is, without qualification, the climax of Verdi's musical achievement. Whether the great moments are more religious or dramatic seems to-day a barren argument: the surging choruses and trumpets of "Dies Irae," the whispered emphasis on the word *Mors*, the "Confutatis," the "Recordare" for soprano and mezzo-soprano would compel the devout and make a dance-band pause. The quality of such a work has less chance than most of getting lost in this folly of a concert-hall. True, the trumpets chased one another round galleries, the abrupt stop echoed on; but it was, notwithstanding, a more than creditable performance. Dr. Malcolm Sargent, the London Philharmonic Orchestra, the Royal Choral Society, and the soloists—Florence Austral, Mary Jarred, Parry Jones and Robert Easton—deserve all our gratitude. Mary Jarred gave a faultless performance; her singing in *Lux Aeterna* was an experience that, especially in wartime, one cannot forget.

"The Tragedie of Dr. Faustus," at the Torch

Very few theatrical managers would consider it worth while to put on nowadays a play by one of the early contemporaries of Shakespeare, so it was with interest that one went to see the performance of Marlowe's *Faustus* given by students of Oxford and London at the Torch Theatre last week-end. Though *Faustus* has not altogether shaken off the influence of the Morality Play, there is exquisite poetry in it, and it was a pity, therefore, to omit the part of Chorus in last week's production. Within the strict limitations of the small stage all the actors played remarkably well; Frederick Hurdis-Jones, as Faustus, spoke his lines with ease and acted with dignity in a part in which, for most of the performance, he is little more than a conjurer, and which only at the end gives the interpreter a chance to prove that he can play the tragic hero. Leopold Biek, as Mephistophilis, did not aim at the sinister, but gaily played the boon companion to Faustus, and it was a good idea to make him portray each of the Seven Deadly Sins in turn. One would like to congratulate the producer on an interesting piece of staging in the scene with the Pope and the Cardinals. The apocryphal humorous scenes in the play were curtailed and the whole performance wisely took no longer than two hours.

Chinese Exhibition, at 13 Lower Regent Street

In support of the United Aid to China Fund, a small exhibition—entrance 1s. 6d.—has been arranged, including paintings, jade, lacquer, enamel and porcelain. Most of the objects represent the elaborate craftsmanship of the eighteenth century and the luxurious taste of Ch'ien Lung's court. But there is a noble, very early bronze vessel and a pair of fine T'ang stone horses. Visitors will also enjoy three drawings of Chinese scenes by George Chinnery, who first went to Pekin in 1793, and died at Macao in 1852. The Chinese handwriting on the catalogue possesses the same elegance as the exhibits, and serves to remind us that the tradition of aesthetic sensibility still is vigorous.

THE MOVIES

"My Universities," at the Tatler

"They all Kissed the Bride," at the Regal

Many who read the letter in the *Times* of September 22nd protesting against the proposed filming of *War and Peace* must have been left wondering what it was all about. Why had Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Priestley and others gone out of their way to assure readers of the *Times* that *War and Peace* was one of the great works of art and to warn Hollywood against vulgar meddling? True, in the matter of the world's masterpieces, Hollywood has a dark enough record. Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony was borrowed by Disney to liven the antics of badly drawn centaurs; Shakespeare and Dickens have been put through technicolor; *Pride and Prejudice* was Miss Greer Garson, but hardly Miss Austen. But on the other side there have been successes; to pick out two among the great Russian novels, *Crime and Punishment* and *Anna Karenina*. Then why were Mr. Wells and his co-signatories so urgent on the subject of *War and Peace?* The project was still far from becoming fact. Certainly it appeared as though their protest had been "premature."

Unless they knew more than they could say. A name, perhaps, had been mentioned; for in Hollywood there are strange laws of copyright by which a producer can obtain "rights" over the masterpieces of the past. Let us suppose, then, in this case that the producer's name is Sir Tamburlaine Compère. He has a record, in movies, of glittering entertainment; he has always put on big shows—big, though, in the direction of Barnum rather than of Shakespeare or Tolstoy. Suppose then (in this wildest of nightmares) that the "rights" of *War and Peace* have fallen into the hands of Sir Tamburlaine Compère; and that when Mr. Wells and his colleagues wrote their letter, *this* was what they had in mind. *War and Peace*, in such hands, might well become another *Gone With the Wind*, or worse, and run for the

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second four years of the war; and Tolstoy's immense humanity, which combines the perspective of a Gibbon and the insight of a Balzac, would diminish to a showman's dream. Almost anything, as the protesters argued, can be pulled out of Tolstoy's masterpiece. It is important—now more than ever important—that "almost anything" should not be pulled out and flung at audiences under the title of *War and Peace*. To infringe Tolstoy's art and its implicit view of life would be a crime far worse than bombing the Guildhall. If Sir Tamburlaine has rights, so has Tolstoy, and so have we.

The Russians could produce a film worthy of *War and Peace*, if they were not themselves re-enacting on a vaster stage its scenes of invasion. Such films as *Suvorov* and the fragment of Gorky's autobiography, *My Universities*, show a scrupulous respect for the lives depicted, and I believe that if they filmed *War and Peace* their respect for Tolstoy would extend to the social detail of his story. Even at its most exaggerated, "Socialist realism" deals more truly with the past than does the sexual romanticism of Hollywood. *My Universities* is only a fragment from the life of Gorky, but it is true to what Gorky wrote, and true, therefore, to life. The nether depths of humanity; poverty, disease and hunger; stirrings of poetry and revolution in the author growing up as a student-workman; work in all its aspects—as slavery, degradation, joy, self-expression; love of one's fellow men and hatred of the usurping master: all this is expressed with realism and an exuberance of passion. There are some staggering scenes in a bakery-cellar, the peasant types, as usual, are magnificent, and the actor who plays the part of the young Gorky convinces one of awkwardness, charm and future greatness. There are none of the clichès usually attaching to film biography; the treatment is episodic, abrupt. I did not personally find this either as complete or as moving a film as *Suvorov*, but it certainly ranks among the major Soviet productions of recent years. *My Universities* contains also, by the way, a perfect portrait of a *kulak*; the lines are harsh, but as rich in the warts of human nature as anything by De Hooch or Chaucer.

Melvyn Douglas, Joan Crawford, Roland Young, Billie Burke, Allen Jenkins: it's the team that counts in *They All Kissed the Bride*. This is Hollywood's No. 2 comedy of the business woman who finds a man (No. 1 is the business man who finds a woman). Melvyn Douglas is the man, and his character of a bright and flustered sheep is more than ever endearing. He begins by kissing someone else's bride, but then finds his way to Joan Crawford. She is a long time melting; delays brilliantly. The story is brisk.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

SHALL WE LOSE NIGERIA?

SIR,—The shock of war, and not the considered development of our colonial policy, has made us sharply aware of our responsibilities to our West African possessions, but this sudden publicity, welcome though it is, has many dangers. It may pacify public opinion in England and raise African hopes too high; while those of us who have chosen to spend our working lives in Nigeria remain unconvinced and uneasy.

The question we shall try to answer raises many more. Must we change our policy, our methods or our personnel? Must we extend State economic control? Is dominion status our aim? These complex questions have been shirked for many years, and must now be answered when our keenest brains are absorbed by still more pressing problems which have been forced upon us by a world that is boiling over.

In Nigeria the personality of the Governor is of great importance because, without a clear lead from him, the rank and file of the Government service are slow to institute reforms and, if reforms are made by individual officers, they are limited to small localities. This is why the names of Lugard, Clifford and Cameron stand out, while others are almost forgotten. If we bear the importance of individual governors in mind and, in the absence of a representative assembly with real power, the Governor will continue to be the key man of the Colony, the appointment of Lord Swinton to be Minister for the West African Colonies is an outstanding event. But we are entitled to ask, "What are Lord Swinton's qualifications for this job of governing governors?" and of Mr. Macmillan, who recently announced that Englishmen should go without their shirts so that West Africans might have their cotton piece goods, "Do you know the profit that private enterprise will make on these goods?"

There is no evidence to show that Lord Swinton's appointment has been made as a result of the advice of those Africans and Europeans whose thoughts are unselfish and whose knowledge is precise, but if he has the guts to stand up to a Conservative administration, an immensely powerful commercial ring and a noisy African press, he may prove to be the greatest man who has yet appeared on the West African scene.

The three great forces in Nigeria are themselves in a state of flux. The administrative service has had peace and justice as its aim for many years, and in this it has succeeded. The Nigerian judicial system is fair to everyone, and the African is playing a greater and greater part in it. The same may be said of the medical, educational and agricultural departments, except that much more has still to be accomplished.

The aim of the administrative service to secure legal justice must now be directed at obtaining economic justice. A different type of training and a more varied type of man seem to be necessary to cope with economic problems, and these problems will increase as the country advances. Economic exploitation by European companies is easier to control than the exploitation of one class of African by another, so that both Europeans and Africans must be trained in the control of labour. A start has been made, but on so small a scale that the country at large is unaware of what is being done.

The commercial ring, a well-organised union of the biggest companies, has proved to be an economic curse. Whatever the past services of its members may have been in opening up the country to trade and in providing extensive river transport, the present feeling of exasperation at the exorbitant wartime prices will remain in the mind of the public for some years to come. The Government has introduced partial price control but, unless further measures are taken, Mr. Macmillan's piece goods will bring in a nice 50 per cent. profit to the trading companies.

The weakness of the Government in allowing prodigious profits to be made by the big companies has also led to similar complaints being made against African and Syrian traders, but, even under peacetime conditions, there is plenty of evidence to show that intelligent State economic control is long overdue.

It is difficult to assess the influence of the Press in a country where illiteracy predominates. The local press does point out many evils which require redress, but the cure that is usually suggested—higher posts for the Africans—is not so simple as that. Inevitably the press becomes the mouthpiece of the ambitious and educated classes who have not yet learned to consider Nigeria, with its varied races and climatic conditions, as an economic unit. Impatience, rather than lack of loyalty to the Empire, is the root of most journalistic outbursts.

We have painted a sombre picture of three influential units, the Government official, the commercial company and the educated African all pulling in different ways, but, luckily, we have still to consider the biggest and, latently, the most powerful class of all, the Nigerian small farmer. The agricultural worker is the man who makes the country go, and it is to him that we owe justice, medical services, education and economic security. Whatever policy we adopt it is the peasant who will benefit or suffer most: and every year increasing numbers of peasant children are leaving schools more ambitious and more articulate

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than their fathers. It seems clear that our policy of *quieta non movere* cannot last much longer.

There are roughly thirty million people in Nigeria who have the right to education, medical treatment, economic security and a voice in the administration of their country. Shall we give them these things willingly and quickly or shall we lose Nigeria?

JOHN MACKIRDY

CAT AND MOUSE

SIR,—As a magistrate obliged to order conscientious objectors to submit to medical examination or, in default, to commit them to terms of imprisonment, I should like to endorse your correspondent's remarks in the current issue of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

He does not mention the even greater absurdity of sending to prison men who have been granted exemption from military service provided they accept other work of national importance. A few weeks ago two separate cases were brought before my bench of men who had so far convinced the Tribunals as to be granted conditional exemption. Both submitted to the order, one taking up agricultural work, the other going to a community school where he was in charge of a class of "difficult" children who needed psychological treatment, which he was qualified to give. Yet because these men refused to submit to medical examination the magistrates were compelled by law to sentence them to terms of imprisonment.

No one of the three magistrates concerned is a pacifist, two of them served in the last war, and the other, a woman, like her colleagues, is doing her best to be useful at present. But all of them felt it to be contrary to the pledge given in Parliament and against the public interest to take the course imposed upon them and to send these acknowledged conscientious objectors to gaol. What possible object is served by such action?

For obvious reasons I must remain anonymous, and sign myself simply J.P.

BLACK MARKET IN AUSTRALIA

SIR,—Whatever the fraternity most directly concerned may think about them, there is the minimum of doubt that the new penalties for black marketing introduced by the Australian Attorney-General will achieve their object, and merit the close attention of the authorities in this country.

The most hardened racketeer may, if the stakes be large enough, go cheerfully to prison for a few months and pay a fine as well, even though the fine runs into four figures. He will calculate that after an absence of six or twelve months a notoriously short-memoried public will have forgotten or condoned his lapse.

Dr. Evatt is concerned with this aspect of the matter. In future, any Australian trader convicted of black marketing will be made to display outside his place of business a notice of his conviction sufficiently prominent for the public to see it. If the notice fails to satisfy the court, the trader will suffer the further indignity of seeing his business letter-heads overprinted (at his own expense) with details of his crime and conviction.

He may even turn on the wireless and hear the whole sordid history over again!

In Dr. Evatt's eyes, black marketing is "an outrage against the standard of decency," and will be punished henceforth on a scale commensurate with the crime.

Is it not a disgrace that our own responsible authorities on the whole prefer lip-service to drastic action, such as these new Australian measures?

ANTHONY PHILIP KIELY

THE INDIAN MUSLIMS

SIR,—A far more dramatic answer to the claims of the Indian National Congress to represent the Indian Muslims is given by the results in the by-elections of the Mohammedan constituencies since 1937. Out of fifty by-elections in the Provinces, the Muslim League has won forty-two, the Independent Muslims six, and Congress two! The most significant change is in the North-West Frontier Province, the home of Abdul Ghaffar Khan. Here in 1937 Congress swept the board and the Muslim League secured no seats. But since then, in the four by-elections that have taken place, Congress has won one and the Muslim League three. In the Punjab, the Muslim League has won all the twelve by-elections, and in Bengal, twelve out of thirteen. In elections for the Central Legislature, the Muslim League has won four, Congress one and the Independents one. These figures speak for themselves.

H. G. RAWLINSON

32 Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.

C.E.M.A

SIR,—May I, as a dweller in the wilderness, add my small voice to that of your contributor in praise of C.E.M.A. No modern picture had ever been shown here till C.E.M.A. provided a selection, with an introductory lecture to a two-week exhibition.

Still, it is melancholy to record, many of the townspeople who went to scoff came away achieving their purpose. This reflects sadly on general education in the visual arts. The B.B.C. and gramophone companies have done something to make good music generally available, but it is still regrettably true that education in the visual arts is largely confined to the main cultural centres. Schools everywhere are festooned by miscellaneous collections of ill-chosen prints, seldom with any of much later date than the inevitable "Boyhood of Raleigh."

As a really necessary extension of its valuable work, could it not be made possible for C.E.M.A., in collaboration with the Board of Education, to inaugurate a modern prints service with explanatory pamphlets for the use of schools, factories and institutions? Surely an essential duty of the Board of Education should be to endeavour to provide young citizens with an understanding of the best that modern artists and architects can provide. Otherwise, despite the planners, British democracy will probably again elect to live in rows of nasty little boxes, decorated by plaster statuettes of children and dogs.

SYBIL PRINSLEY

51 The Oval,
West Hartlepool, Co. Durham.

WAGES

SIR,—I send you a short letter for publication subject to your approval. As I am a government inspector, I see a great deal of what is happening in our engineering factories, and I feel that your Industrial Correspondent has really missed the significance of the wages returns. Take this contrast:

	Men.	Youths & Boys.	Women.	Girls.	All workers.
Motor Vehicle, Cycle and Aircraft	6 17 8	2 11 4	3 1 0	1 17 9	5 9 8
Flax Spinning and Weaving	3 8 4	1 7 6	1 10 7	1 0 8	1 16 7

These are the highest and lowest wages in the tables. There's no wealth in the first, and plenty of poverty in the second! Of course, you do not miss the disparity, but I do think that this vast mass of largely unorganised dragooned labour requires a band of champions to advocate the case not only for higher standards of living, but also for a status above that of a semi-jocular indulgence carelessly ladled out by so many factory managements. A considerable number of women have been "drafted" from cultured families into surroundings which are unfamiliar and open to much personal unhappiness. And the point in this connection is that they are almost inarticulate and there is no one to speak for them. The men's Unions, including my own, are almost indifferent. The women need a modern Mary Macarthur to urge their cause against the employers' niggardly conception that a woman is only worth about 25s. a week and against the men's careless and often rude indifference.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Though it is fifty years since Tennyson died, I find it hard to "place" him or even to see him objectively. Keats and Browning and Swinburne and Wordsworth have burst upon me at different ages with the impetus of thunderstorms; but Tennyson was always there. (I sometimes wonder whether, after all, it is such a good notion to teach English literature at school. It was never taught to me, and perhaps that is why I enjoy it so much.) One can see clearly, sometimes too clearly, the beings with whom one has fallen in love, but how hard it is to estimate dear old Nanny. I remember *Locksley Hall* as far back as I can remember anything; *The Brook* and *Home they brought her warrior dead* I learnt by heart before I could care for them; *The Lotos-Eaters* I have had to turn into Latin elegiacs and into Greek iambics. Tennyson's greatest poems—and some of his smallest—are hopelessly familiar to me. In any case I regret that I never had the chance to discover Tennyson for myself.

In the fifty years preceding Tennyson's death poetic taste changed very little; and for this he was largely responsible. An Elisha draped in a velvet mantle, he remained the descendant, and as it were the residuary legatee, of the great Romantics. Even after his death for some twenty years the norm of English verse remained, I think, Tennysonian. But now the stream is running angrily over rapids, the shaven lawns are left behind, half-forgotten, half-despised. I must therefore recommend Mr. Harold Nicolson's *Tennyson*—published by Constable in 1923—to anyone who is young enough not to have been brought up on the Laureate. Mr. Nicolson gives quite brilliantly the background, the legend, and the character; on individual poems he is an excellent cicerone, whether he stars or double-stars, or merely gives a Baedeker warning "the view is not worth the fatiguing ascent," or "adders abound." His diagnosis seems to me exact. Tennyson was a man who felt, but feared to feel. He was pressed to think, but dared not and perhaps could not think clearly. His poetry is strong when it expresses a direct emotional experience, weak when it is speculative or didactic. "All that is worst in his poetry can be ascribed directly to the taste and influence of his age."

Since Mr. Nicolson wrote we have come to feel the Victorian Age as picturesque. Wax flowers under domes, *papier-mâché* tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl, even Butterfield Gothic churches, have become voguish. So one can enjoy the period flavour in some of Tennyson's poems, just as one enjoys the Caroline baroque of Marvell and the Palladianism of Pope. I like Francis's picnic in *Audley Court* with its

> pasty costly-made
> Where quail and pigeon, lark and leveret lay,
> Like fossils in the rock, with golden yokes
> Imbedded and injellied.

I like the fête in *The Princess*, though a friend who played for Cambridge doubts the accuracy of the cricket terminology. (Tennyson was nothing if not accurate. The lines from *Oenone:*

> the scarletwinged
> Cicala in the noonday leapeth not
> Along the water-rounded graniterock

were omitted in the later editions, merely because this species of cicala, which the poet had admired in the Pyrenees, was not indigenous to Mount Ida.)

> round the lake
> A little clock-work steamer paddling plied
> And shook the lilies; perch'd about the knolls
> A dozen angry models jetted steam:
> A petty railway ran: a fire-balloon
> Rose gem-like up before the dusky groves
> And dropt a fairy parachute and past;
> And there thro' twenty posts of telegraph
> They flash'd a saucy message to and fro
> Between the mimic stations; so that sport
> Went hand in hand with Science; otherwhere
> Pure sport: a herd of boys with clamour bowl'd
> And stump'd the wicket; babies roll'd about
> Like tumbled fruit in grass. . . .

But the Victorian scenes in Tennyson are at best Frith rather than Courbet or Manet; and at worst they collapse incomprehensibly.

> You talk almost like Ida: *she* can talk
> And there is something in it as you say.

This is as feeble as the famous line "A Mister Wilkinson, a clergyman," which Tennyson and FitzGerald both claimed to have invented.

Unless they die young, almost all great poets, except Milton, disappoint us with their later work. It is unreasonable to expect them to retain the splendid fury of their youth, but one can wish that Tennyson had resigned himself to translating the whole of his idolised Virgil, instead of pestering Jowett and his own family to find him subjects, and railing as in *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*, or prosing as in *Akbar's Dream*, or drooling as in *In the Children's Hospital:*

> Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor said "Poor little dear,
> Nurse, I must do it to-morrow; she'll never live thro' it, I fear."

It is specially queer that such a master of prosody should in his latter work have developed an obsession with dactyls. I think one can see even an echo of Swinburne in *Rizpah*, a wretched poem that Swinburne did in fact extravagantly praise. The occasional verses of the later years are equal to anything of the sort in English, the addresses to F. D. Maurice and FitzGerald and Lord Dufferin and Mary Boyle and Lady Tennyson. *To Virgil*, again, and *'Frater Ave Atque Vale'* are among my favourite poems. From the age of fourteen to the age of eighty-three there was never a time when he was not writing both very well and very badly.

And yet, and yet. . . . Is it not the poems written before Tennyson was forty that place him among the gods? Even *In Memoriam*, with all its felicities, seems in comparison rather flat. The metre too easily suggests a sort of sighing smugness and the hushed voices that used to go with lowered blinds. Technically Tennyson was always as scrupulous as he was gifted, and in his later years he became so experienced that few corrections were necessary. But when the wildness left him, as it was bound to do, all the fine equipment of rigging and stays and topsails and spinnakers could not conjure the breeze that would quicken them.

Tennyson never disguised his feelings, and always said what he thought, however disobliging this might be for others, or however complimentary to himself. He was like a child, too, in his passionate resentment of all criticism. In 1833, excoriated by the assaults of critics no less blind than brutal (notably Lockhart), he thought of abandoning England for the South of France or Italy. One cannot help speculating, however vainly, on what would have happened if he had. Landor and Byron and Shelley, and above all Browning, profited immeasurably from living in the South. Tennyson would have escaped the Laureateship and Jowett and Palgrave and Queen Victoria and Canon Rawnsley and, most important of all, Lady Tennyson. (All who knew her are agreed that she was just as "great" as Tennyson, and the effects of her greatness were, I suspect, dire.) The beauties of Venice or Naples might have lured him into courses mentionable only in whispers. He might indeed have come utterly to grief, like Beddoes. But he would—or so one likes to surmise—have nourished his senses and remained entire. Above all, he would have left a different legend.

The longing for "the purple seas," "the palms and temples of the South," never deserted him. He dreamt of travelling

> With a crew that is neither rude nor rash
> But a bevy of Eroses apple-cheeked.

At the age of seventy-five his imagination was still reaching towards the Isle of Fruits:

> all round from the cliffs and the capes,
> Purple or amber, dangled a hundred fathom of grapes,
> And the warm melon lay like a little sun on the tawny sand,
> And the fig ran up from the beach and rioted over the land. . . .

"But," he continued, "in every berry and fruit was the poisonous pleasure of wine"; besides, when he had gone to Venice he had hated it, because no English tobacco was obtainable. In the Isle of Wight he could enjoy "crocus, anemone, violet"; and Osborne was conveniently close. After *The Idylls of the King* his publishers had been able to guarantee him a comfortable income. He retained Farringford, and also built himself a house, half Jacobean, half French Renaissance, among the conifers of Haslemere. It is, I believe, a fact, though none of his biographers mentions it, that, when he was earning five to ten thousand a year, he continued to draw the Civil List pension that had been granted to relieve his earlier poverty. "Proputty, proputty sticks, an' proputty, proputty grows."

All of which does not matter so long as the figure of a formidable and cosseted patriarch does not obscure from us his predecessor, the beardless Apollo. *The Lady of Shalott* and *Ulysses* and *The Lotos-Eaters* and the lyrics from *The Princess* are too familiar to quote, but I must give myself the pleasure of copying out a few fragments of verse that may give to anyone not brought up on Tennyson a notion of his range. *The Vision of Sin* opens with the evocation of an orgy:

> Hair, and eyes, and limbs, and faces
> Twisted hard in fierce embraces,
> Like to Furies, like to Graces,
> Dash'd together in blinding dew:
> Till, kill'd with some luxurious agony,
> The nerve-dissolving melody
> Flutter'd headlong from the sky.

The rhythm, even more than the diction, achieves an effect worthy of the Aretine. And eighteen lines later comes the contrast of a second movement violently sardonic:

> Wrinkled ostler, grim and thin!
> Here is custom come your way;
> Take my brute, and lead him in,
> Stuff his ribs with mouldy hay.

"Bitter barmaid, waning fast!" it goes on, and "Slip-shod waiter, lank and sour," then:

> Fill the cup, and fill the can:
> Have a rouse before the morn:
> Every moment dies a man,
> Every moment one is born.
>
> We are men of ruin'd blood;
> Therefore comes it we are wise.
> Fish are we that love the mud,
> Rising to no fancy-flies.

Next let me take from *The Palace of Art* two stanzas that translate Renaissance painting:

> Or sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasp'd,
> From off her shoulder backward borne:
> From one hand droop'd a crocus: one hand grasp'd
> The mild bull's golden horn.
>
> Or else flush'd Ganymede, his rosy thigh
> Half-buried in the eagle's down,
> Sole as a flying star shot thro' the sky
> Above the pillar'd town.

A different vein, again, from *A Dream of Fair Women:*

> Squadrons and squares of men in brazen plates,
> Scaffolds, still sheets of water, divers woes,
> Ranges of glimmering vaults with iron grates,
> And hush'd seraglios.

Finally, let me recommend *The Gardener's Daughter*. This contains one of the most characteristic and burnished lines he ever wrote: "The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm." But listen rather to the following passage:

> And all that night I heard the watchman peal
> The sliding seasons: all that night I heard
> The heavy clocks knolling the drowsy hours.
> The drowsy hours, dispensers of all good,
> O'er the mute city stole with folded wings,
> Distilling odours on me as they went
> To greet their fairer sisters of the East.

These lines owe an image to Theocritus, but do they not look forward to Baudelaire, whose indebtedness to Tennyson has not yet, I think, been properly acknowledged?

Even the worst of the later verses, even the veneration they have excited in archdeacons ought not to cast a shadow on these early splendours. But, absurdly, they do. If Tennyson had died after completing the 1845 volume and the songs from *The Princess*, he would, I fancy, to-day be hardly less admired than Keats.

Raymond Mortimer

SALA

Sala: The Portrait of an Eminent Victorian. By Ralph Straus. *Constable.* 18*s.*

Each period produces its own monsters—robber barons, grand inquisitors, commercial and financial thugs: the Victorian Age, among its many contributions to human chaos, was responsible for the emergence of the Great Popular Journalist, the type of exuberant and unscrupulous opportunist whom Mr. Ralph Straus describes, briskly, frankly but not unsympathetically, in the person of George Augustus Sala. The name conjures up a red face and a Corinthian prose style. Sala was a man, endowed by nature with vast energy and clamorous appetites, who set out to earn an income capable of satisfying those appetites regardless of the consequences. He had few inhibitions, very little intellect of a critical or creative sort, and, though he dealt every day with "news," regarded news as the raw material of published "copy," and copy as the stuff from which he was destined to wring a living. It was his function to pour out articles and follow up assignments: with history he hardly concerned himself except in newspaper headlines. A revolution meant another train journey, and so did a royal funeral. Presently he was back again on the London pavements, his bulbous nose glowing deep red above his distended white waistcoat, his single "good" eye alert and wicked under the brim of his top hat, wrapped in a rich fruity effluvium of booze and *bonhomie*. After all, was it the fault of George Augustus Sala if he had taken the measure of his middle-class Victorian public, and had learned to give the readers of the twopenny *Telegraph* exactly what they wanted?

Such human monstrosities are never self-begotten: their emergence is implicit in the conditions of their period: and over this particular monster it would be waste of words to moralise. We must take him, as he took society—that is to say, for better or for worse, precisely as he found it. And, having accepted the social phenomenon, we can study the fortunes of the individual human being with interest and amusement. From one point of view, Sala's career is a straightforward "success story," rather overshadowed by an unexpectedly tragic ending. The son of an Italian dancing master who died soon after his birth, and of Madame Sala, a fashionable singing teacher who had appeared on the same platform as the Malibran and Paganini, he was dropped at a tender age into Bohemian London and tried his hand at illustrating, engraving and scene-painting, before he became in 1851 a regular contributor to *Household Words*. His association with Dickens, which lasted in spite of squabbles some four or five years, helped to establish his reputation as the manufacturer of lively anecdotal essays. At the same time he was hard at work for other editors, including Vizetelly, reported the *coup d'état* and the Paris Exhibition, but failed to cover the Rugeley poisoning case, since, during the two crucial months that the sensation lasted, Sala (as often happened) was nowhere to be found. He turned up again, however, slightly the worse for wear, suggesting that Dickens should send him to Russia, there to write "a series of descriptive essays touching Muscovy and the Muscovites"; and Dickens, though experience had taught him to "distrust Sala's affairs"—the young man was shiftless and shifty and seldom completely sober—with considerable generosity agreed to finance the trip. The result was a quarrel with Dickens and the publication in 1858 of *A Journey Due North*, which set the seal on Sala's character as a cosmopolitan journalist.

In this character he continued to flourish for nearly forty years. The narrative of his progress may not be edifying but is certainly entertaining. As the pampered special correspondent and weekly columnist of the *Daily Telegraph and Courier* (founded by a Colonel Sleigh in 1855 but subsequently taken over and run at a profit by Sleigh's chief creditor, the printer Joseph Moses Levy) he chronicled every sort of event from the launching of the "Great Eastern" to the American Civil War. In his spare time he rambled through the pleasure-grounds of Europe, winning large sums at Homburg (a place of which he was passionately fond) and losing them again among the joys of Paris, eating and drinking enormously, accepting innumerable commissions which he did not always execute and frequently disappearing from public view into mysterious bye-ways of dissipation where editors and creditors could not attempt to reach him. Those disappearances were an odd feature of Sala's private life. Even in the character of this resolute extravert there were numerous dark corners; and Mr. Straus, though prudently he does not labour the point, seems to hint on page 27 at a possible explanation, while he is discussing the psychology of Sala's childhood.

But with analysis Mr. Straus is not primarily concerned. Such a character, indeed, defies analysis. We cannot concentrate on Sala's published work, or any isolated specimen of it, and say, as we might have said had he been an artist: "Here is the man. In these sentences—in this chapter—there is something of the quality that makes him worth writing about"; for the merit of his books and his articles, never very great, has now entirely evaporated, and all that remains is the shadow of the notorious red nose and the celebrated white waistcoat, the stub of an old cigar, the dregs of a bottle of claret and, hovering over them, the faint reverberations of a boisterous, unscrupulous yet courageous and energetic personality. Mr. Straus handles the legend with skill and gusto. But one reader at least would have welcomed some examples, for comparative purposes, of Sala's much-abused and much vaunted prose style.

PETER QUENNELL

BERLIN 1940-1

Assignment to Berlin. By H. W. FLANNERY. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In November, 1940, H. W. Flannery succeeded William Shirer as Berlin correspondent of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and his book adds an important year to the story of *Berlin Diary*. Inevitably, I suppose, the label of "Shirer's successor" will stick, but in this case the sequel matches its antecedent. Mr. Flannery is a broadcaster and journalist of uncommon gifts. He would never let a news story go by if he could help it—one feels that—but common sense and integrity override, and he can be toughly ironical. Without some such temper life as an American correspondent in the Reich during the year November, 1940–October, 1941, would have been difficult indeed.

The events of those twelve months preceding America's entry into the war included Molotov's visit to Berlin, the air attacks on Britain, annexation of the Balkans, Jugoslavia's stand, Greece, Crete, Hess, Matsuoka's visit, Rommel's first Libyan offensive, the Atlantic Charter, war with Russia. All of these moves had, of course, to be covered month by month, day by day—hinted at, where possible, in advance. The censorship was crippling, even when some relaxation would have been to the Nazi advantage. Everything that went out of Germany as news or as comment passed first through the mincing machine and emerged in the requisite proportions; that, by Nazi theories, was inevitable. But they insisted, too, on directing the lines of sympathetic comment. Thus Mr. Flannery wished to bring to the micro-

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phone, at a time when R.A.F. raids were heavy, some civilian hero or heroine with a tale to tell: the authorities resisted, saying that such people had done no more than their duty. And again, when Bader was shot down and captured, and the Nazis arranged for an artificial leg to be dropped by British planes near the camp where he was imprisoned, that wonderful story was held up for weeks while the B.B.C. were able to plug the story as though it was we who devised and carried out this plan alone. Stupidity or cunning? Mr. Flannery plumps for the first. He assumes that the best way to appeal to democracies is through democratic channels. But from the Nazi angle that may not be so. It may appear a stupidity on their part to prefer in propaganda the iron fist to the velvet glove, but which is, in fact, more likely to produce converts and quislings abroad? Remember the early Fascists here: Mosley with his knuckleduster roughs. They wouldn't have gone so far as they did without violence. Perhaps Dr. Goebbels, responsible for this policy of "inhumanity," is not quite so lacking in astuteness as Mr. Flannery believes.

He gives a number of examples of the Doctor's failure to understand ordinary people and common emotions. The newsreels of bombing in London seemed to miscarry in their effect:

> The attitude of that German audience was, as a whole, revealing. The bombing of London ended with a large close-up of Winston Churchill, upon which a voice in German cried: "Winston Churchill, the cause of it all!" Almost any other audience, especially in a country at war, would have hissed the leader of the enemy, probably cried out in angry vengeance, at least mumbled, but the Germans sat silent and still.

Enthusiasm for the war on Russia, we are told by Mr. Flannery, lasted one day; the elaborate fanfares and rejoicings put out afterwards by Goebbels were too obviously "arranged" to stir emotion. The reason for these failures, if they can be called failures (Mr. Flannery quotes other instances) is their inhumanity. But isn't the appeal to inhumanity Nazism pure and simple? How else should a faith appeal except in terms of itself? A lot of Germans—the majority, perhaps—still may not like it. That is another matter.

One of the most interesting observations in Mr. Flannery's book refers indirectly to this point.

> It was noteworthy that both Moelders and the Bishop of Munster [Catholic protesters] had laid the blame for the war on religion, not on the Nazi party, but on the Gestapo. That is an important psychological fact that explains much. It means that the Germans did not consider the Gestapo as an essential part of Nazism. Many were fanatically behind Hitler, attributed only good to him, and blamed others, such as the Gestapo, for evil.

That last sentence contains a revealing truth. Change the words a little—"Many worshipped Hitler and blamed others for evil"—and we shall see how far Hitlerism has become a religion in Germany. Just as in Christianity the Creator is all-powerful and all-good and yet permits the existence of evil, so Hitler can do no wrong though he allows wrong to be done. Hitler is not unlike Jahweh, who also was a jealous god and a god of battles and purges. Belief in him replaces the Christian faith in every German school book and his addresses to his people evoke more obvious fervour than do the words of Christ or Buddha anywhere in the world to-day. That the trimmings of this tribal deity should be a mackintosh and half a moustache has perhaps blinded us a little to his appeal; but if we forget his messianic role we shall never be able to understand Hitler. Or Goebbels. He, too, with his hoof and wiliness and pursuit of women has an obvious part to play. His "unpopularity" weighs. Without him the Führer's balmy grin—as he stoops to pat infants on the head—would have a less god-paternal light.

Mr. Flannery's picture of Nazi Germany should help us to make some minor adjustments in our ideas about the enemy. There, as here, you have only to turn into a park in the capital to wonder if there's a war on. The bombings are terrible while they last, but accomplish comparatively little. Bureaucracy swallows everything, and seems the most natural channel of human inefficiency in war-time. Rich evacuees have taken to the mountains at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, as our own escapists have discovered the Lake District. There are still roads in Bavaria where the passer-by will murmur "Grüss Gott." Are the Nazis cracking? No. What does the average German want most? An end of the war. What result does he expect or hope for? A draw. That sums up what Mr. Flannery saw and heard and put together.

He is an excellent mass-observer. He travelled about Europe more than any of his fellow-correspondents; visited Paris, the Rhineland, the Balkans, Greece, Crete in the trail of the German armies; took the train, whenever possible, out of Berlin for a day.

His scoops included bringing Mr. Wodehouse to the microphone. The text of one talk is given and the comment that came back like a boomerang from Elmer Davies in America. (Mr. Flannery was blamed by the Nazis for this.) But more amazing in its revelation of Woosterism is the conversation before and after Wodehouse went on the air:

> I planned to ask him what he thought of the Russian campaign. Wodehouse proposed saying: "The bigger they are, the harder they fall." I cautioned him against that.
>
> "That predicts a Nazi victory," I said. "You can't do that."
>
> "Why not?" he asked.
>
> "We're fighting the Nazis. Any such reply would be propaganda, or worse, coming from you. You can't say that."
>
> Wodehouse thought a moment.
>
> "Do you know," he said, "I wouldn't have thought of that."

And later, when he broadcast for the Nazis—this D. Litt. with the appearance of a prep. schoolmaster and the intellect of his most backward pupil—the thing that worried him was whether his sales in England and America would be affected. Only one other thing faintly worried him, and that came out in his broadcast with Mr. Flannery:

> "But I'll tell you," he said, "something about the war and my work that's been bothering me a good deal. I'm wondering whether the kind of people and the kind of England I write about will live after the war—whether England wins or not, I mean."
>
> "Your characters will always live, Mr. Wodehouse," replied the admirable Mr. Flannery.

G. W. STONIER

IN THE COUNTRY

Remembrance. By H. J. MASSINGHAM. *Batsford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A difficult book to estimate, so subjective, personal and idiosyncratic, so full of the prejudices of the author and so flattering or provoking to those of the reader that, even when the emotional dust has died down, he is hard put to it to see clearly what precisely it is that raised it. My prejudices are mainly flattered, yet even so I cannot make up my mind that this is a good book. For example, the first part records Mr. Massingham's pilgrimage from town to country. He begins life in London, the son of a famous father, a journalist who knows everybody worth knowing; he leaves all this in order to live close to nature in the country. Quite so! The transition is a common one and there is much to recommend, though few who make it.

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But having turned his back on the life of "Bloomsbury," need Mr. Massingham refer to it with quite the virulence of:

> The sterility of that art, its hopeless scepticism, its lack of any organic relation with the past, its sensationalism, its dabblings in the mud-pools of psycho-analytic speculation and its depressing resolution to read Goodness, Truth and Beauty backwards, as though it were celebrating a Black Mass, all seemed to go together. It made futile experiments with the basic forms of the language, and added to this an absurd idolatry of foreign over native models. Its belittlement of man—the maggot under the stone—combined with its analytical obsession of turning art into a kind of pseudo-science.

Again, we know that evil things have happened to Oxford during the last twenty years, but I find it difficult to believe that they are most aptly described by:

> When I was there, the substance of the *genius loci* had already ossified to carbonate of lime, lacking the protoplasm within.

It would have been simpler surely to refer to "the Latin quarter of Cowley."

The book, then, I am suggesting, is an unbalanced, violent sort of book and much of it is written in a lush, railing style in which meaning is obscured by unnecessary elaboration. It is, nevertheless, shot through with flashes of insight. Mr. Massingham sees clearly what many of us only suspect, that once the townsman has begun to dabble in the country, there is no logical stopping place, short of going to live there. In the last resort the week-end cottage will not do; it is either too much or not enough. Usually it is not enough, being, in fact, a place in which we live rather less comfortably the same life, do rather less efficiently the same things, as we live and do in London. The pursuits of the townsman at large in the country are not enough. Mr. Massingham begins by bird-watching and archaeologising; he writes a couple of books about birds and, under the guidance of Elliott Smith and Perry, becomes a prominent advocate of diffusionist theories. But these are townsmen's interests, a sort of half-way house between town and country; they afford no permanent dwelling place for the spirit, and in course of time it is borne in upon the author that "not visits to the country but residence within the country" will alone fill his spiritual bill. Once parked in the country, part of it, living in it, first in Dorset, then in the Cotswolds and now near the base of the Chilterns, Mr. Massingham plunges head over heels into the sea of problems that beset it. Nobody knows better than he that the countryside he and the rest of us love is mortally stricken, is, indeed, already a survival, being no longer a land of beauty, but a series of patches of artificially preserved beauty spots. And knowing this, he expresses more articulately than any other writer the nostalgia we feel for the life that is passing.

> I was on my way down the village street to see the Lowick Oak across the brook when I met an old man from Wiltshire, the spit of Hudson's old Wiltshireman as described in *A Shepherd's Life*. He had a long white beard and a patriarchal corrugated face just like the crinkles in the Colly Weston slats that buckle with their weight upon the cottage roofs. We fell into talk, the church with its flying buttresses above us, the golden light splintered on the silvery stream below us and the great oak beyond standing in the field alone, a keep-like ruin and probably the sole survivor of the primeval Rockingham Forest.

When Mr. Massingham writes like this, my heart goes out to him. Indeed, all those parts of the book which record his journeyings are in the best Hazlitt-Hudson tradition. If only we could have more of the journeys of his wandering body and less of the ruminations of his wandering mind. For though one applauds his sensibility it is difficult to endorse his judgments. He wants, as far as I can see, to restore the village crafts—there is an eloquent passage on the Chiltern "Bodgers" who make chair-legs on hand-driven lathes; this by the way is the fourth of Mr. Massingham's books in which they have appeared—hates the introduction of the machine into rustic industry, and apparently sees in the paradox of want in plenty not a sign that the bounty of the earth is being wrongly distributed, but that Nature in revolt is withholding her bounty. "Cut the physical element out of the cultivation of the soil by substituting machinery for human sweat and experience is halved and stunted. Cut the spiritual element out of it and the heart of the whole is gone." I find all this a little high-falutin. Many of the products of progress are, of course, horrible, and nowhere more horrible than in the English countryside; but the thing can't be stopped now and instead of wistfully harking back to the graciousness of a pre-mechanical past—not so very gracious either to the agricultural worker bringing up a family on twelve shillings a week—the wise man proceeds to consider how the incidence of the machine may be so guided as to foster a new life of the countryside to replace that which has gone beyond recall. There will be motor-buses, cinemas, dance halls—and why not?—village colleges on the Cambridgeshire model; "in addition to the part used as a Central School, they" (the colleges) "combine the functions of Club, Village Hall, Library and Adult Education Centre and to which may be added a Canteen and Clinic. Such village colleges do, in fact, set out to provide for the needs of the people, from birth . . . to old age." But this is a quotation not from Mr. Massingham but from the recently published Scott Report on "Land Utilisation in Rural Areas." Mr. Massingham claims an "invaluable sense of continuity" which "has enabled me to detach myself from the current acceptance of a mechanised society whether by left wing or by right."

The industrial revolution is, he goes on to say, not for him a point of severance between the past of England and its present. But, whereas he would restore continuity by eliminating the effects of that revolution, the better way is to utilise them in order to make the village once again a living centre of communal life. That he may learn how this should be done, I refer Mr. Massingham to the admirable Scott report. C. E. M. JOAD

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As Chaucer observed long ago, there is no reason why a parson should not be as ready to learn as to teach and so find a place for himself on the pilgrim road. He is neither mushroom nor exotic in English Society. You have to go back a long way to find England without him and his parish; only yesterday his church bell stopped ringing on Sundays after 1,300 years, and it will certainly ring again. Given the knack, he can find his way inside most doors, from the casual ward's upwards, and have something to say when he gets there. It is one of the odd things about the English slum that at least one member of the privileged classes is actually resident, often family and all, in the most stagnant of them. Directors and managers, bureaucrats and school-teachers, the black coats and the neat umbrellas, all hurry away between 5 and 7; only the man in the dog-collar lives, as the City used to do, over the shop, and sleeps on his job. Often enough it is true in slum or village he is a fish out of water, a Robinson Crusoe on a self-made island, or a tourist in a hurry to stick another hotel label on his suitcase. Or again he may gradually forget why he is there and become himself one of a shepherdless flock, a cabbage in his own allotment.

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At Winchfield "day by day for nine years, I walked across the fields from our lovely Queen Anne rectory to the lovely Norman church, unlocked it, rang the bell, and said Matins. In the evening I rang the bell again, and said Evensong. For years it was a lonely worship; but gradually others joined me. I knew, too, that the men in the fields and the women in their homes liked to hear the bell and to know that someone was praying for them." They needed praying for and so did their "betters." "A blight of evil hung over the place," and it "proved there is some advantage in the 'parson's freehold'—I was the only inhabitant of the parish who could not be turned out arbitrarily from his home."

In Bournemouth, too, "there is more than meets the eye," a poverty and romance as well as the smugness of the "devotional coterie," with "cravings that are more greed than hunger," and the dreariness of retired respectability. Banstead proved an educational menagerie, a jumble of building estates, squirearchy and prosperous suburban folk with a taste for freak religions—a downland village being swept at full speed into the circle of Outer London.

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KENNETH BELL

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Arise from Sleep. By ELIZABETH DELAHANTY. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d.

Soldier from the Wars Returning. By JERRARD TICKELL. *Chapman & Hall.* 9s. 6d.

Flight To Arras fits more naturally into a review of novels than anywhere else, although it is strictly a personal account of real experience. It would certainly prove an uneasy companion among the contemporary accounts of air-warfare, and the comparison would be altogether unjust. Saint-Exupéry has one fit companion, but only one that I can happily envisage. In Malraux's *Days of Hope* war in the air rose to the same high level of articulation, and was infused with the same peculiar spiritual significance. Both writers build on the foundation of technical knowledge, using the immensely powerful medium of technical terms to achieve a strange aerial construction of technical sensation. The lay reader is confronted in both cases with baffling moments of unique experience when judgment is necessarily suspended. Just as no mystic or drug addict has yet succeeded in conveying his experience to the uninitiated, so it may be doubted whether any pilot can convey those intense moments of air warfare.

Saint-Exupéry is already known to English readers by his two translated novels of civil flying. *Flight to Arras* is a less satisfactory book than either, if only because the far greater danger of war flying, the hostility of man as well as nature, appears to carry the experience outside the medium of intelligible communication. In the earlier part of the book, where the pilot is contemplating a flight which he knows to be both suicidal and entirely useless, all the emotions are as clear as ice. His fear, his loyalty to the squadron, his love of France are described with great freshness and linguistic vigour. He is never self-conscious, even on that high level of human dignity where most men of action, and many writers, fall feebly back on to the wet blanket of understatement. On the flight itself we are piloted at first in brilliant sunshine; memories, anticipations, visual ecstasy are still comprehensible and articulate. But it is now that the clouds threaten, and sometimes surround us. At one moment everything is clear, at the next we are lost in a mist of words. Evidently the experience has become incommunicable, and if we complain it can only be on the grounds that the attempt to communicate should never have been made. Yet these opium clouds never last for long, and there are always sunlit intervals of exuberant clarity. It is only when the flight is over, when Saint-Exupéry is back in our own dull element, that we can justly resent the clouds as no longer necessary. Yet if anything they are thicker than before, and by now mysticism has sunk into mystification. Evidently this reconnaissance flight in May, 1940, has changed the pilot's life, made him aware of a hundred new issues, and shed a hundred fallacies. But in the flood of words which end the book I could discover only a confused Whitmanism, an affirmation of the value of the individual, far too repetitive even to be effective. Saint-Exupéry is a rare combination of technician, man of action and gifted introvert. In all the fields covered by these abilities he is a consummate descriptive writer. But in his intellectual conclusions he is less at ease. A tribute should be paid to Lewis Galantière who has translated the book with subtlety and discretion

The blurb to *The Killer and the Slain* proclaims its affinity with Walpole's earliest novel, *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill*. The proclamation is un-

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kind, for though the affinity exists it is a deeply depressing one. A comparison of the two books makes a tragic obituary on the young schoolmaster whose literary future Henry James so rarily predicted. Any unprejudiced reading of the first novel will justify the prediction. In that macabre and deeply shocking book there is no doubt of the writer's vigorous and original talent. A third-rate public school is made the background for an analytic study of neurosis. The school is a sinister Moloch to which each new master is a necessary sacrificial victim. Old Perrin has long been absorbed, digested and embittered, and only his hatred of Traill is able to shake him out of resignation on to a path of gnawing neurosis which culminates in madness. The climax is Perrin's attempt to push Traill off a cliff, and his own terrible fall to the rocks below. The high merit of the book is that the background of the school makes everything credible. Against it Perrin's mounting hysteria appears almost inevitable.

More than thirty years later Walpole's posthumous novel appears, of which we read that he "ranked it among the best things he had ever done." In bare outline the theme is not unlike *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill;* and there are some points where the similarity is significantly close. In this book the grim background is provided by the *demi-monde* of a seaside provincial town, the little snobbish bungalow adulterers and the bar-rakes with midget cars. Again there are two hostile protagonists, one weak and introverted, the other loud and strong. The weak Talbot is bullied by the strong Tunstall, driven finally to such a pitch of neurotic despair that he pushes him over a cliff! This time the murder is successful. Even up to that point the book has lacked every positive quality possessed by *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill;* it now becomes hideous farce. Talbot, sensitive, retiring and thoughtful, is gradually transformed into his victim. He becomes a drunken bully, swearing and fornicating in the manner of Tunstall; in the end he is physically changed into the person of Tunstall. The final climax is howling satanic melodrama of the most preposterous kind. And yet there is no doubt that this book was a desperate attempt to be in earnest; the earnest intention is shrouded from every page. The theme is Good and Evil, God and the Devil, yet the only result is a loud noise, as empty as the bursting of a paper bag. There are constant reminiscences of the early novel, and the book is clearly an attempt to reach back through all the fat years of Jeremies and Delaneys. But Jeremies and Delaneys are like monsters—once created they inevitably become the masters of their Frankenstein. The original talent which James praised ended in a pathetic self-inflation: strong words had become a poor substitute for perception.

A gentler tear might be shed for Miss Delahanty's book. This American first novel is full of broken promises: an exciting beginning slows up with a jerk; interesting descriptions tail off into tired echos of prominent contemporaries; a love scene hovers between freshness and vulgarity. The impression grows of a weak sun striving through a mass of cumulus, and the cumulus is heavy with all the English and American novelists of the last two decades. How easy it is for a modern novelist to be over-read in his contemporaries. The story is half an honest thriller—Americans escaping from the Ovra at the outbreak of war—and half a rather dishonest love-story—Americans embracing as the lights go out over Europe. There are many patches of real talent, and if Miss Delahanty can shed a little respect for her elders she may write very well.

Far too little space is left for Captain Tickell. He has written a real all-round contemporary novel with every quality demanded by contemporary taste:

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Knowledge: "She passed 145, Piccadilly, where the Duke and Duchess of York lived."

Taste: "Downstairs in Ye Olde Tudor Lounge the Jewboys were having a high old time."

Contemporary Idiom: Ritz: "M'dear, he's the most *neolithic* thing, carnal to a degree."

Soldier: "Me blinkin' foot she is, Gimme the Pally die Dants."

Officer: (At Dunkerque) "We're going in eighth wicket down with a sprung bat, as usual."

Child: "I've got some bath salts. Purply ones. They're Mummy's. I pinched them. If she knew she'd be in a frightful wax."

Sex: "The minutes raced by," or "She was delighted with the revealing of her limbs. When she was naked he said to her, 'Hullo, you.'"

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Miss Binder's book has the excellent intention describing ordinary Soviet people, till now neglecte in works on the Soviet Union. Her weakness is th instead of giving her characters character she us them as illustrations of the system, bedecking the speech and their doings with snippets and festoo of the interesting information which used to come foreigners in Russia before the war. Consequently the Russians whom she describes have the simplic tion and stylisation of her drawings, with little their charm. Her picture of Soviet family life is doctors, journalists, engineers and their friends, wit a worker or two thrown in to give it depth. A calenda description of how such people behave in their cradle or at meals gives no idea of how a black-handed worke or peasant lives. You must read Sholokhov or Hindu for that. However, for its decorative quality—ther have been few more attractively produced books sinc war began—*Russian Families* should be included i the Board of Education book list.

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eport by Fred Oyster.

Two kinds of epigraph emerge: those the author ight have approved of, those which would certainly ve brought him discomfort. Competitors have own skill in both kinds; I hope I haven't leant ore to one than the others. Winners (dividing the izes): Ethel Ross, G. de V., G. T., Leslie Johnson. First, a selection from the runners-up:

larius the Epicurean—
Alone and palely loitering . . .
(Robert Upcott)

outh Wind—
A blue-behinded ape, I skip
Upon the trees of paradise.—*Stevenson.*
(Robert Upcott)

anon Lescaut—
J'ai perdu ma tourterelle;
Je veux aller apres elle.
En ne voyant plus la belle,
Plus rien de beau je ne voy.

Mort, que tant de fois j'appelle,
Prends ce qui se donne a toy!
J'ai perdu ma tourterelle,
Je veux aller après elle.—*J. Passerat.*
(Silvie Sherlock)

anon Lescaut—
SIR TOBY BELCH: A love song—a love song.
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK: Ay, ay, I care not for good life.—*Shakespeare.*
(Jenny Diver)

de the Obscure—
To stand up straight and tread the turning mill,
To lie flat and know nothing and be still,
Are the two trades of man; and which is worse
I know not; but I know that both are ill.
—*A. E. Housman*
(Sylvia Sherlock)

he Well of Loneliness—
Let joy be unconfined!—*Byron.*
(Lamsilon)

s Misérables—
Lord God, we ha' paid in full.—*Kipling.*
(R. S. Jaffray)

adame Bovary—
Il y a peu d'honnêtes femmes qui ne soient lasses de leur métier.—*La Rochefoucauld.*
(O. H. E.)

dy Chatterley's Lover—
She hugged the offender and forgave the offence.
Sex to the last.—*Dryden.*
(D. N. Claydon)

dy Chatterley's Lover—
After all, you know, ma'am, we know it's there.
—*Our Mutual Friend.*
(Patrick May)

Pride and Prejudice—
To love her was a liberal education.—*Steele.*
(Gladys G. Westmore)

Du Côté de Chez Swann—
Where I now leave off, I shall begin again.
(A. W. Clark)

Wuthering Heights—
O the mind, mind has mountains; cliffs of fall
Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed. Hold them cheap
May, who ne'er hung there.—*G. M. Hopkins.*
(Mary Wood)

Wuthering Heights—
Life is sweet, brother . . . There's day and night, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath—*Lavengro*
(H. R. S.)

Finnegan's Wake—
I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was; man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man who can tell what. Methought I was—and methought I had—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had.
—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*
(Ronald Mason)

Mein Kampf—
CORIOLANUS: Hear you this Triton of the minnows? Mark you his absolute *shall*? . . Why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra leave to choose an officer
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise of the monster, wants not spirit
To say he'll turn your current in a ditch
And make your channel his? . . .
—*Coriolanus.* Act III, sc. 1.
(William Bliss)

Mein Kampf—
You can fool some of the people all the time; you can fool all the people some of the time; but you can't fool all the people all the time.
(John Coutts)

Precious Bane—
I write of youth, of love, and have access
By these to sing of cleanly wantonness.—*Herrick.*
(Joan Daniels)

Gargantua—
The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.
—*Blake.*
(Towanbucket)

PRIZES.

A la Recherche du Temps Perdu—
The mills of God grind slowly
Yet they grind exceeding small.—*Longfellow*

Esther Waters—
I am aware of the damp souls of housemaids sprouting despondently.—*Eliot.*

Gone with the Wind—
For men may come and men may go
But I go on for ever.—*Tennyson.* (Ethel Ross)

The Man of Property—
How beastly the bourgeois is
Especially the male of the species—
Presentable, eminently presentable—
Shall I make you a present of him?
—*D. H. Lawrence*

Don Quixote—
With an host of furious fancies
Whereof I am commander,
With a burning spear and a horse of air
To the wilderness I wander.
By a knight of ghosts and shadows
I summon'd am to tourney
Ten leagues beyond the wide world's end.
Me thinks it is no journey.
—*Loving Mad Tom.*

Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes—
He was a man who used to notice such things.
—Hardy (*Afterwards*)
(G. de V.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—
What more felicity can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with liberty?
—Spencer (*Muiopotmos*)

Zuleika Dobson—
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms.
—*Rape of the Lock*

Daphnis and Chloe—
Le squelette était invisible
Au temps heureux de l'art paien!—*Gautier.*
(G. T.)

Finnegan's Wake—
. . . his head like a smoke-jack: the funnel unswept, and the ideas whirling round and round about in it, all obfuscated and darkened over with fuluginous matter!—*Tristram Shandy*, Vol. III, chap. xix.

Moll Flanders—
Do not adultery commit;
Advantage rarely comes of it.
—Clough *Latest Decalogue*

Ulysses—
For though the day be never so longe,
At last the belles ringeth to evensonge.
—Hawe's *Passetyme of Pleasure*, chap. xlii.
(Leslie Johnson)

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